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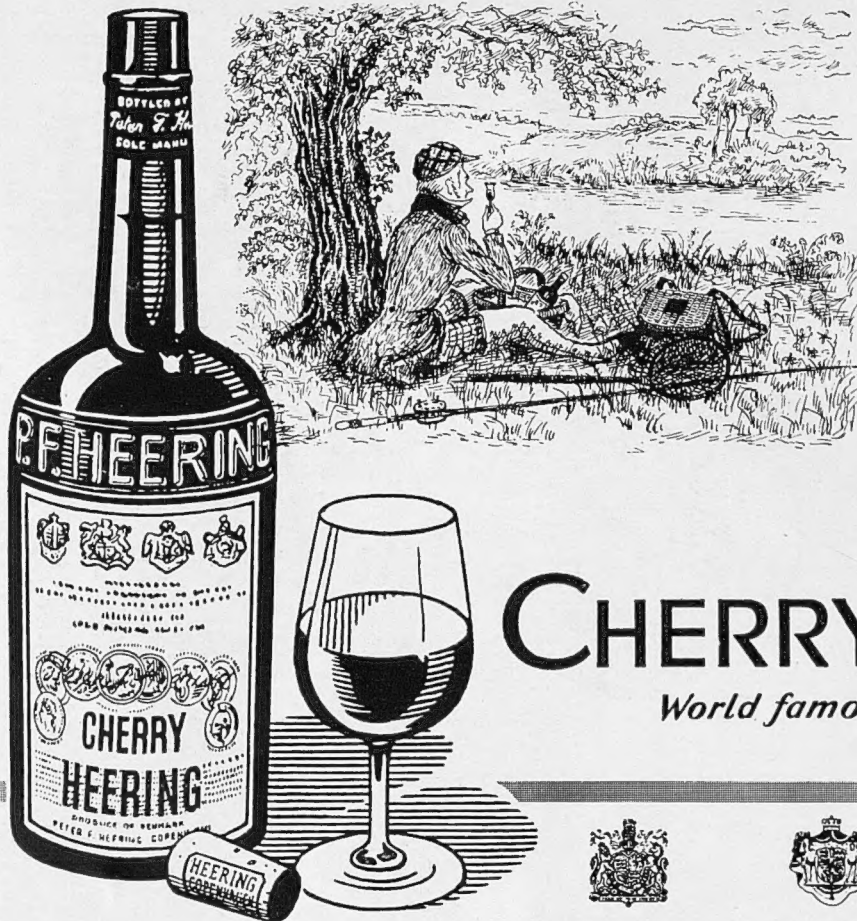


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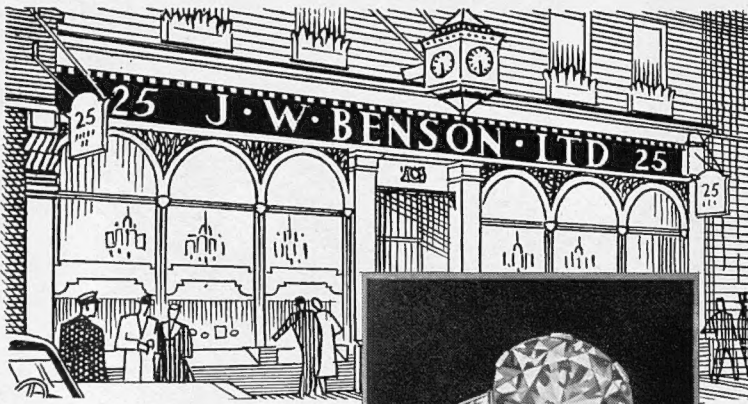
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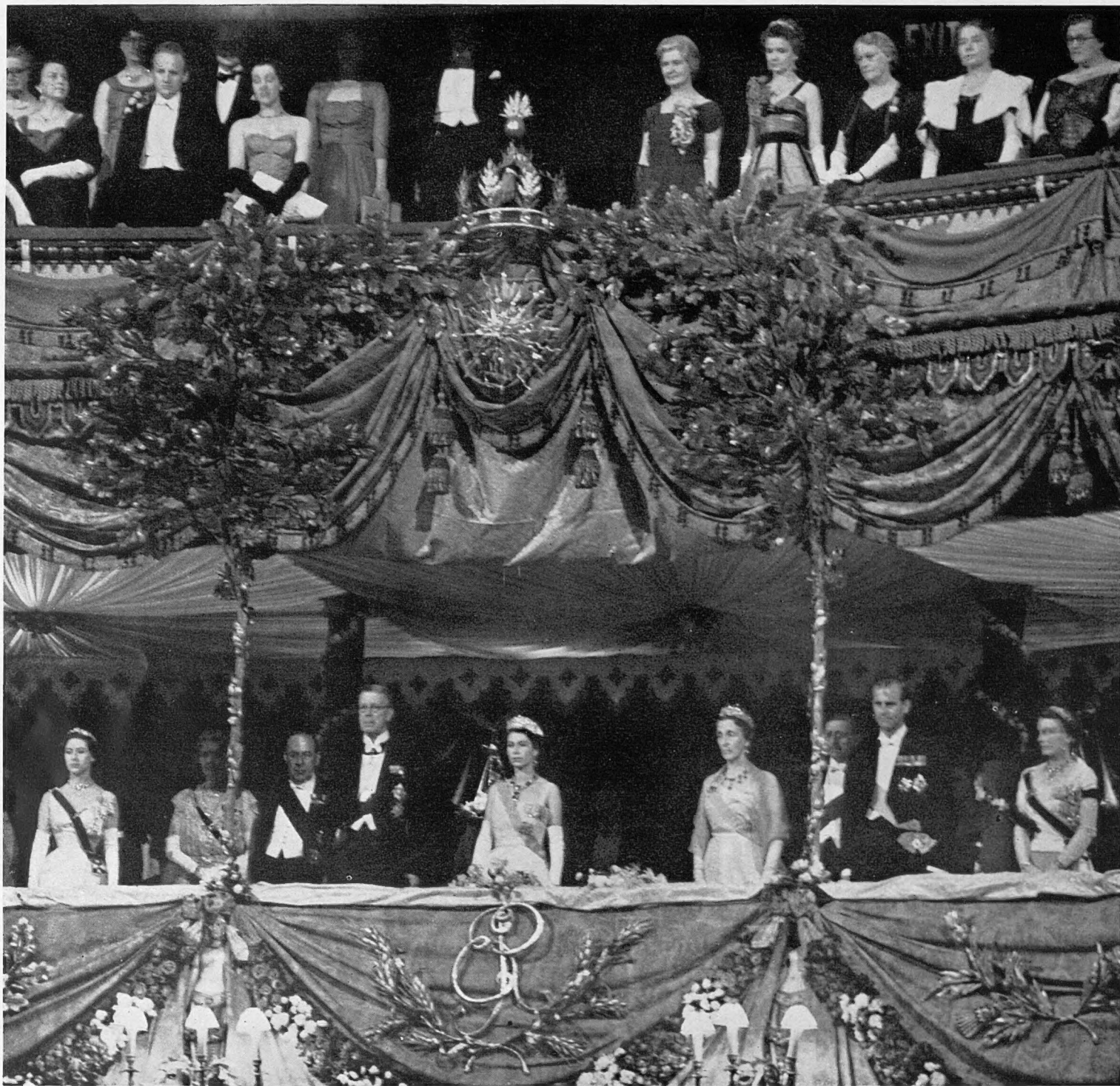




Michael Dunne

THE ROSE BRIDE WITH HER MAIDS

THIS delightful picture is of Miss Rose Evelyn Cotterell, daughter of Sir Richard Cotterell, Bt., and Lady Lettice Cotterell, just before leaving for her wedding to Mr. Charles Hambro, son of Sir Charles and the late Mrs. Hambro, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The three bridesmaids with her are Miss Gillian Grant (left), her sister Miss Anne Cotterell, and, behind, the Hon. Mary Rodd. More photographs are on page 63



THE GRAND TIER GLITTERED at Covent Garden when a gala performance was given in honour of the visit of the King and Queen of Sweden. On the left is Princess Margaret, and on the right the Duchess of Gloucester. Behind King Gustav is Viscount Waverley

Social Journal

Jennifer

Flowers For Our Queen In Sweden's Embassy

SINCE the homecoming of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the highlight of this season has been the State visit to London of Their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden. On the day of their arrival the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh gave a banquet in their honour at Buckingham Palace.

The following evening the King and Queen of

Sweden entertained the Queen and the Duke to a dinner at the Swedish Embassy in Portland Place. This was a much smaller and more informal function, but also superbly done. As the existing dining-room of the Embassy was not large enough for the occasion, a banqueting room to seat sixty guests had been constructed. The décor of this room, as of the other reception rooms at the Embassy about which I wrote a few weeks ago, had been carried out by the Hon. John Siddeley, who

had also designed the garlands of fruit—replicas of the original wall moulding—that hung at one end of the room, and arranged the clever lighting.

Magnificent tapestries belonging to the King of Sweden, sent over specially for this night, hung along one side of the pale-blue walls which were picked out in white. Pale-yellow curtains hung at the windows and pale-yellow and white roses and other flowers of the same colour decorated the candlelit dinner table, which was laid with beautiful antique Swedish silver and magnificent glass. In addition Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Ambassador, who had taken infinite pains planning everything in readiness for the Royal visit, had exquisite flowers arranged all over the Embassy.

As guests arrived they saw a huge vase of lilies and other white flowers in the spacious stone-floored entrance hall. At the foot of the banisters was a shower bouquet of white gardenias, and sprays of these sweet-scented flowers, which filled the rooms with their perfume, were fixed at intervals up the whole length of the banisters of



Miss Susannah Bodley-Scott and Mr. Patrick Agar were taking time off from the dance floor at the Deirchester



Lady Walmsley, G/Capt. and Mrs. J. M. Waifield, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Walmsley and G/Capt. and Mrs. Peter Stevens



Miss Maureen Luschwitz was just about to take part in a slow foxtrot with Air Chief Marshal Sir Guy Garrod

Guests At The Ball To Raise Funds For The Air League Of The British Empire

the wide staircase, whose walls had been freshly painted green and white.

At dinner the King of Sweden sat at one end of the long table and the Queen of Sweden at the other. On the King's right sat our Queen with the Swedish Foreign Minister, while to the King's left were Princess Margaret and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Duke of Edinburgh was next to the Queen of Sweden, and also at that end were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Royal.

ALSO present were Princess Margaretha of Sweden, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, Princess Marie Louise, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, the French Ambassador, the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Häggblöf, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Simonds, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress.

After dinner the King and Queen and their guests went up to the first-floor reception rooms where they had gathered before dinner.

The following evening the King and Queen of Sweden, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, were entertained by the Government at a gala performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, when they saw Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq d'Or*. The Royal Box, which had been built in the centre of the grand tier, had been specially decorated for the occasion by Mr. Oliver Messel. Also in the Royal Box were Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, Princess Marie Louise, Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Häggblöf, members of the Swedish Suite and of our own Royal Households.

IT was a brilliant spectacle. Nearly all the Diplomatic Corps and their wives, many of the latter wearing magnificent jewels, were assembled in the grand tier to the left of the Royal Box. Sitting beside the French Ambassador were the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen, who wore a magnificent grey fox cape over her evening dress, and next to them were the Iraqi Ambassador and H.R.H. Princess Zeid, who was no doubt enjoying the whole evening with the eye of an artist. Then came the Saudi Arabian Ambassador in his picturesque robes with Mme. Wahba and the Nepalese Ambassador, wearing a galaxy of orders and decorations, with the Rani Shanker whose jewels were outstanding.

On the other side of the Royal Box were members of both Houses of

Parliament and other invited guests. Among these I saw Field-Marshal Earl Alexander and Countess Alexander sitting near Viscount and Viscountess Swinton, and Viscount Woolton. Sitting below in the stalls circle were the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, a striking figure in her superb floral design diamond tiara, six rows of gorgeous pearls, and a chinchilla cape over her beaded pale-mauve evening dress.

Nearby were the Earl and Countess of Abingdon, the latter wearing a fine tiara, Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild, Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell, who had drop ear-rings with her tiara, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, the Marquess and Marchioness of Normanby, Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie and her daughter Felicity, and the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett.

Before the arrival of the Royal party, I saw in the flower-bedecked foyer (where Yeomen of the Guard stood on duty as they did inside the Royal Box and in other parts of the theatre) the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Viscountess Norwich, wearing pink velvet bows in her hair, the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, Col. Walter and the

Hon. Mrs. Sale, the Countess of Eldon, and the Duchess of Buccleuch, very beautiful in white with magnificent jewels. The Duchess was talking to Mr. Harold and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, and later joined Viscount Waverley, Chairman of the Royal Opera House, and Viscountess Waverley in the permanent Royal Box near the stage where their other guests included the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, the Earl and Countess of Haddington and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Bodley.

Sitting in the stalls were the Earl and Countess of Harewood, Sir Arthur and Lady Evans, Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Music, and Lady Bliss, the Hon. James Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rea from Philadelphia, Katharine Hepburn with Robert Helpmann, Ina Claire with Princess Marina Romanov, and Adrienne Allen with Mr. Ivor Newton.

ARMEN from all over the world come to compete each summer at Henley Royal Regatta which gets bigger and more international every year. Established in 1839, it was granted

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SCOTTISH WEDDING. Mr. Charles Gordon, son of the late Mr. W. Grant Gordon and of Mrs. J. Gordon, of Ellergreen, Bearsden, and the Cabrach, Huntly, is here with his bride, formerly Miss M. Louise Eccles, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Gordon Eccles, of Crusader Avenue, Glasgow, after their marriage at Woodlands Church, Glasgow

its Royal title in 1851 when Prince Albert became the first Royal patron. The race for the Grand Challenge Cup, one of the outstanding events on the programme, was inaugurated in 1839, for amateur crews in eight-oared boats, and is the oldest race of the fixture. The Diamond Sculls for amateurs was instituted in 1844, and the most recent addition to the programme is the race for the Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup, first rowed for in 1946. It is restricted to public schools in the United Kingdom.

The regatta has long been one of the big social events of the season. Certainly nothing could be more pleasant on a warm sunny day than to sit in a deckchair on the lawn of the Stewards' enclosure or in the well-constructed covered stand behind, and watch the racing, with across the river the pretty setting of Phyllis Court Club, with pink rambler roses trailing down the wall at the edge of the lawns to the water's edge.

This is also perhaps the only event in this country where the men's clothes vie with those of the ladies. The display of rowing club caps, ties and blazers is unique.

THE outstanding feature of this year's Royal Regatta was undoubtedly the success of the Russians. In their brilliant scarlet vests, looking amazingly fit and well trained, they put up a splendid show.

I lunched one day on the balcony of the Leander Club house where University undergraduates on summer vacation were very efficiently fulfilling

[Continued on page 56]



Lunching at Phyllis Court on the last day of the Regatta were Lt.-Col. G. H. Mercer, Mr. Anthony Mercer, over from Kenya, Mrs. G. H. Mercer and Miss Margaret Nias



Also taking luncheon were Sir Geoffrey Betham, together with Mr. Warren and Mrs. P. F. S. Warren

ROYAL HENLEY, although taking place in unseasonable weather, was still one of the most brilliant outdoor events of the season. Undoubtedly the men carried off the fashion honours: rowing colours were eagerly worn and they were more gallily dressed than at any other time of the year.

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Aboard The Launches At Henley

the duties of waiters. It was packed with members and their guests for luncheon, and later many enjoyed tea on the well-kept lawn with its shady trees. The U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich were among those I met lunching.

Prominent rowing personalities at the Regatta included Viscount Bruce of Melbourne, Mr. Harold Rickett who has been busy coaching the Leander crew, and Brig. J. H. Gibbon, a great oar in his day, also a great exponent of National Hunt racing and show jumping in prewar days, a pastime now carried on very successfully by his son Major Geoffrey Gibbon. Going down the river in a launch I saw Mr. Jack Beresford, the former Olympic oar and one of the finest scullers of his day who won the Diamonds four times. He is now one of the stewards of the Regatta.

ON another of the official launches was Mr. "Gully" Nickalls, a great personality of Henley Regatta, who is an umpire. With him and other guests on board were Mrs. John Ormiston and her young son Mr. Harry Renwick, who earlier in the day had been rowing in the Eton boat which had won their heat in the Ladies' Plate. That keen yachtsman Lt.-Col. A. F. R. Wiggins, another steward, was there, also the former Cambridge Blue, Mr. K. M. Payne, Mr. "Initials" Hartley, and Mr. Tom Brocklebank who had both come over from Eton, Lt.-Col. C. D. Burnell, Mr. Dermot McGillycuddy, a first-class oar in his day, who in recent years has done much to help and encourage rowing in Ireland, and Mr. Derek Mays-Smith, who has been coaching the Jesus College, Cambridge, crew and had a nephew, Mr. A. A. M. Mays-Smith, rowing in the First and Third Trinity boat.

Among other spectators I saw Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell and their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle and their Etonian son and daughter Carina, Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy very chic in a red printed silk suit with Mrs.

Jack Mellor, Mrs. Gerald Grundy, Miss Tessa Williams with Mr. Neil Johnstone who was rowing in the Radley boat, Mrs. Tom Christie and her husband who was rowing with the R.N. eight who reached the final of the Thames Cup, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett, Mr. Anthony Butterwick, Mrs. Bob Laycock and her son Joseph who is at Eton, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanbury.

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CHOBHAM PARK HOUSE, the home of Sir John and Lady Child, made a delightful setting for the coming-out dance they gave jointly with Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell for their débutante daughters Miss Diana Child and Miss Sally Russell. Happily it was a fine evening and not too cool for guests to enjoy the two outside dance floors, as well as the main one in the green walled drawing-room. The first of these was built under an open-sided marquee beside the house, adjoining the sunken rose garden with its ornamental lily pond which had been cleverly lit for the evening. The second outside dance floor was a small one in the open air at the far end of the lawn, and it was a picturesque sight, as one approached in the dusk, to see the figures of the débutantes in their long evening dresses of snowy white or pastel shades dancing with their partners against a background of green trees.

The two heroines of the evening looked enchanting. Diana, who is tall and fair, wore a coral pink organza dress and Sally, a brunette, the palest pink tulle dress. It was a most happy occasion and their many young friends present enjoyed themselves until dancing ended at dawn.

A delicious supper was provided, much of which had been prepared by Lady Child's excellent cook, Mrs. Overend, who has been with the family for many years.

A few of the young people I saw dancing or talking together near the soft drinks bar (which was a

tremendous success) beside the rose garden, were the Hon. Janet Hamilton, Miss Mary Ann Berry who came with her parents, the Hon. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry, Miss Jennifer Milligan, looking pretty in dark blue and white, dancing with Mr. Michael Ransome, Diana's elder sister Miss Deirdre Child, Lt.-Cdr. Robert de Pass, Miss Prue McCorquodale, Miss Joanna Adams and her brother John, and Miss Dinah Hartley and her brother Christopher. Although this was to be a small dance, there were well over 250 young people present, but not a very large number of older guests. Among the latter I met Lord and Lady Pender, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Blundell, Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, Sir Adrian Jarvis, who like many of the others brought a dinner party of young people, Sir Charles and Lady Maclean and Mr. Malcolm McCorquodale.

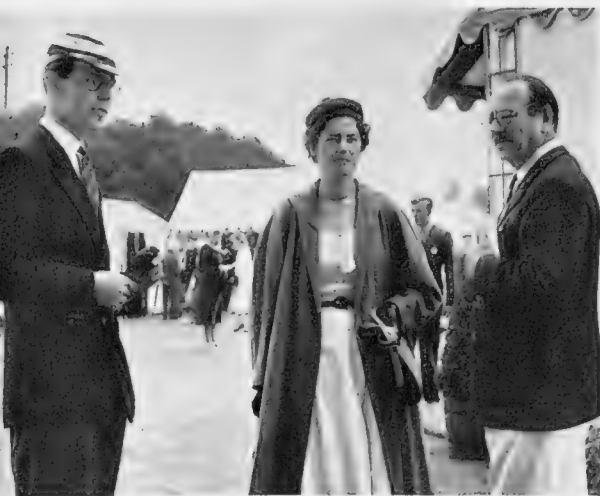
From here I went on to the Countess of Dunraven's magnificent ball for her daughters at Petworth, the outstanding ball of this season, of which I will write next week.

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SIR PETER AND LADY NORTON-GRIFFITHS, who now live most of the year in Brussels where Sir Peter is working, have been over here for a month entertaining for their only daughter Anne, who is a débutante this season. They recently gave a very enjoyable coming-out ball for her at the Hyde Park Hotel. Beforehand they had a dinner party of about forty in a room adjoining the ballroom. This room was divided into two, the elder guests sitting at a table with Sir Peter and Lady Norton-Griffiths and the younger ones at another table with Anne.

Among the former were the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza Leão Gracie, who brought their two charming daughters Senhorina Veronica and Senhorina Betty Gracie, Capt. and Mrs. Christopher Vian—the latter brought her daughter the Hon. Mary Stopford—Sir Andrew Cunningham, Mrs. Magda Buchel, Count Joseph Czernin, and Lady Norton-Griffiths's mother, Mrs. George F. Schrafft, who was looking very elegant in a heavily beaded grey satin dress. She had come over from her home in New York especially to be at her granddaughter's dance. Anne's other grandmother, Gwladys Lady Norton-Griffiths was also at the ball, greeting many friends.

Anne, who looked pretty in a pink organza dress with a wide sash of the same material in a deeper



Mr. J. A. Brocklebank and Miss G. Brocklebank were talking to Mr. G. O. Nickalls, who was one of the umpires

shade, stood at the top of the stairs for a long time with her parents receiving the guests, Lady Norton-Griffiths wearing a lemon yellow satin dress with a diamond tiara and other lovely jewels.

GUESTS from several other countries made this a much more interesting ball than most. Besides the Brazilian Ambassador and his family and Anne's American grandmother, there was her aunt, Mrs. Jules Rebhan, whose home is in Connecticut, Mrs. Nicholas de Kotzebue, a very close friend of the family who had come over from New York with Mrs. Schrafft, a young Portuguese friend, Mlle. Maria do Carmo da Cunha, Miss Diana Smith, her cousin Miss Mary Mollet, and Miss Anne Reynolds, who all live with their parents in Portugal, and Miss Diane du Boulay, in blue satin, who has many friends in that country as she spends several months of each year with her grandmother out there.

Mr. Eric Jauffen, who was on his way home to Belgium for the vacation from Oxford where he is studying at Christ Church, was at the ball. His father, who lives in Brussels, served in the R.A.F. during the war, and his uncle also served with our forces. A most attractive French girl at the ball was Mlle. Athenais de Mortemart who came with Lady Mary Stuart-Walker's party, and from Ireland I saw Miss Fiona Daley with whom Anne Norton-Griffiths is going to stay for the Dublin Horse Show which begins on Tuesday, August 3.

Others who gave dinner parties for young people and brought them on to the ball included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pinckney, Mrs. Woodward, whose daughter Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths, a niece of Sir Peter's, is also a debutante this year and was enjoying a Charleston with great spirit, Sir Andrew and Lady Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kinzett, the latter wearing a diamond tiara with her pastel evening dress, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Wingfield. Young people I saw dancing included Mr. Tony Russell, just back from Germany with the 7th Hussars and looking forward to going out to Hong Kong with them in a few weeks' time, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Carol Carr and Miss Philippa Cobbold.

Four sword dancers from the Scots Guards gave an exceedingly clever display and a Scots Guards piper played for an eightsome which was very popular.

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A CHARITY dance with a difference is the one held annually for the Hampshire branch of the Red Cross, organized by Lady Smiley and a hardworking committee. This year it took place at Upton House, Old Alresford, kindly lent by Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Paravicini, which provided a lovely setting. About 350 guests, many of them staying in house parties in the district, came to support this good cause. Unfortunately, it was too cool for guests to stroll in the floodlit garden, so that

[Continued on page 58]



Strolling on the lawns were Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Yates, the Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme and Dr. Ferry Pilzer



Discussing the sculling finals were Mr. C. R. C. Outram (Christ Church), Mrs. J. Hynd and Col. P. Adams, R.E.



The Hon. John Freemanile, Mrs. Kenneth Payne and Mrs. Charles George were just going in search of tea



Miss P. Rank, Mr. R. A. Symonds and Miss L. M. Symonds were comparing their impressions of some exciting finals



Rowing enthusiasts from Caius, Mr. G. H. E. Hart and Mr. E. H. Harborne, were talking to Miss P. J. Richardson



Studying the programme of the day's events were Mr. E. H. Cullinan, Miss J. Rew and Mr. C. H. Rew

Social Journal (Contd.)

Ball For The Red Cross

the house became rather overcrowded, but with all the ingredients of a good party—an excellent band, appetizing supper and gay atmosphere—it was a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Paravicini who was wearing a blue and white printed dress, had arranged lovely flowers all over the house. Perhaps the most striking of these were the vases of red sweet peas, roses and gladioli cleverly lit in the ballroom which has long red curtains and white walls. She had a house-party for the dance including Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laycock.

Among those dancing were Princess Margaretha of Sweden partnered by Mr. Ronald Ferguson, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe with Mr. Esmond Baring, Miss Mary Mount, pretty in blue lace, dancing with Mr. Tim Holcroft, the Hon. Gillian Cecil with Mr. Giles Floyd, Miss Lavinia Hugonin partnered by Mr. John Smiley, Mrs. William Mond looking lovely in a peacock-blue satin dress, dancing with her father Mr. "Pop" Onslow Fane, and Viscount and Viscountess Melgund who came with his brother-in-law and sister Major David and Lady Willa Chetwode, whose baby daughter had been christened in the chapel of St. Margaret of Scotland at Tichborne that afternoon.

I met Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Curzon-Howe-Herrick down from Yorkshire, Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, the latter wearing Hardy Amies's black velvet and écriu lace dress, Lord and Lady Northbourne, Viscount and Viscountess Kelburn, Lord and Lady Chesham, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain who lent their house for this event two years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barty-King and Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, the latter looking charming in red, who all live nearby. Lord and Lady George Scott came over from Aylesfield with Mr. Robin McAlpine and his wife, who looked lovely in Paquin's full-skirted yellow faille dress with a beaded bodice.

Others enjoying this dance, which went on until dawn, included the Master of Sinclair, Mr. Spencer le Marchant, Lady Mary Burghley, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Major and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, and Cdr. and Mrs. Henry Wilkin, who have recently come back from Malta and are moving into a house in Hampshire which will be convenient for his new naval appointment at Portsmouth. Lady George Scott very kindly gave a free sitting for a pastel drawing in aid of the Hampshire Red Cross, and this kind effort made over £50.

★ ★ ★

LAST year the first Ponies of Britain Show which was held at Ascot was such a success that the Ponies of Britain Club are organizing another show this year. It is to take place on September 2 at Hartwell Park, near Aylesbury, where hundreds of ponies from the mountains and moorlands of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland will compete.

Lord Bicester is Patron of the Show and Lord Kenyon the President. The vice-presidents include the Duke of Atholl, the Duchess of Rutland who takes the keenest interest in breeding ponies at her home in Warwickshire, Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, Lt.-Col. Mike Ansell and Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn. Miss Gladys Yule is chairman of the Show, and any particulars can be obtained from the honorary organizing secretary Mrs. Glenda Spooner, Brookside Farm, Ascot.

★ ★ ★

Do not forget that this afternoon, Wednesday, July 14, there is to be a wonderful Garden Party at The Holme, Inner Circle, Regent's Park. Lady Irene Astor and a committee have organized it in aid of that splendid organization, the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. Marlene Dietrich has most kindly promised to open it at 3 p.m.



Miss Diana Child and Miss Sally Russell, for whom the dance was held, greeted the first guest from the staircase



Miss Janet Illingworth, Mr. Nicholas Montfort-Bebb and Miss Sally Hardman sat out on the stairs after supper

THE COMING-OUT DANCE for Miss Diana Child and Miss Sally Russell was held at Chobham Park House in Surrey, the home of Sir John and Lady Child, where over two hundred guests enjoyed the night on three dance floors—two in the garden, in addition to the ballroom



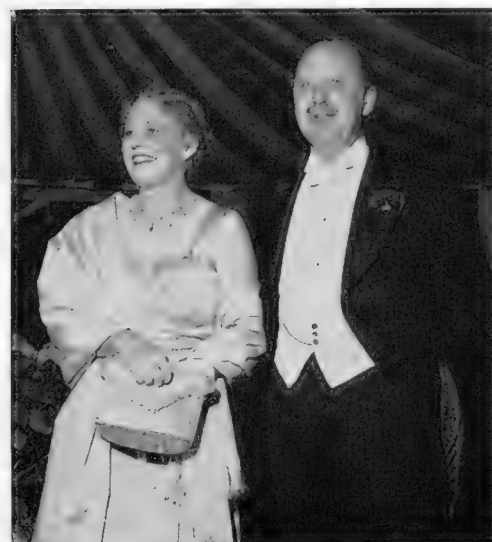
Miss Caroline Starkey, daughter of Lady Starkey, was partnered on the dance floor by Mr. Michael Poynder



The Hon. Mary Stopford, elder daughter of Viscount Stopford, enjoyed a foxtrot with Capt. David Russell



Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell, co-hosts at the dance, pause for a cigarette and a breath of fresh air during the evening



Sir John and Lady Child, who were joint hosts, made a last-minute inspection of the marquee ballroom before the guests arrived

A GALA NIGHT AT ALRESFORD

MANY house parties assembled in Hampshire for the Red Cross Ball at Upton House, Old Alresford, home of Col. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini. It was an occasion which duplicated the brilliance of the London season and guests greatly appreciated the evening



By the ballroom entrance Mrs. Christopher Sinclair, Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, Major Berkeley Stafford and Col. Christopher Sinclair were waiting until the band struck up again



Outside the supper room were Mr. James Talbot, Miss Bridget Barraclough, Miss Sylvia Stops and Mr. Edgar Morgan



Mrs. D. Guinness, hon. secretary of the Ball committee, was enjoying a foxtrot with Major R. E. Worsley



Lady George Scott, who lives in the county, at Andover, was being partnered in a quickstep by Mr. Onslow Fane



Col. Peter Laycock and the hostess, Mrs. Vincent Paravicini, were chatting with friends in the library



By a wall vase of beautiful summer flowers Miss Gillian Stockwell and Mr. Richard Leventhorpe were discussing the pleasures of the evening with Mr. Geoffrey Holborow and Mrs. J. L. Poe



Miss Jennifer Ainsworth-Davis paused to exchange notes with Mr. and Mrs. Doric Bossom

LIGHT BLUES' BRIGHT POLO IN HERTFORDSHIRE

THE mid-season at Woolmers Park, Herts—second only to Cowdray as a polo centre—brought sunshine and plenty of spectators to see Cambridge University beat Old Cantabs by $4\frac{1}{2}$ goals to 3. A match between Wanderers and Knaves also produced some keen, stylish play



There was no mistaking the pleasure of Claire Lucas, youngest member of a well-known polo-playing family, who had brought along her pony, Smokey, for the afternoon



Tall trees bordered the pony lines, making them cool and shady, and here Miss Betty Sutton and Miss Tessa Page were expertly grooming a pony which had just come in off the field after a vigorous chukker



Mr. R. T. Whiteley, Cambridge University No. 1, adjusts his spurs, while Miss Esme Roche holds his pony



Mrs. K. S. Macaulay was pinning a number on Mr. G. H. Hartop, M.H., who played in the Wanderers' match



An Old Cantab player, Mr. J. T. G. Withycombe, was answering questions by Virginia Withycombe, Timothy Pearks and Sarah Withycombe



Almost the last to leave the enclosure were Miss Romaine Whitehouse, Miss Angela Neale and Mr. David Proctor



Sitting on a fence, Mr. Charles Crosland was describing his ponies' points to Miss Jane Crosland (left) and Miss Jane Chichester

AT THE RACES

Riders To History

• Sabretache •

"THE Horse is Friend of Man; but he does not always do so!" (Excerpt from "The Aphorisms of Babberjee Chatterjee B.A. Calcutta (Failed)").

Until comparatively recent times the three horsiest countries in the world were held to be Arabia (ref. "The Arab's Farewell To His Favourite Steed"), Australia—the very pronunciation of the word suggests the fact—and India, with the mechanized British Isles a poor fourth.

I think now a bit of alteration is necessary and the British Isles must go up at least one, for there has been what I think we are fully entitled to call a "reneighssance" and horse exercise seems to be more popular than ever it was even in the days of that inferior jockey John Gilpin.

India, once the home from home of the horse, has, I am told, gone all slaughtermobile and in Horsetrayali they have completely altered their historic steeplechase course at Flemington, and it now sounds like our Sandown or even milder! No post and rails, no walls, no "logs" (tree trunks). An old and valued crony of former, and far happier, days, Mr. C. K. Nicholl, who returned not long ago from a cold weather tour of India, has written to me saying that he thinks I will be sorry to learn that the things we used to call paperchases in Calcutta have died of inanition, and that no one nowadays is interested in owning or riding a horse.

At one time in India almost everybody owned a horse because it was very rightly considered to be the best preventive of hob-nailed liver, and people who had never been on a horse in their lives, or been brought up with them, sometimes developed into quite good jockeys. I am thinking of one in particular, my old pal little Timothy Evers, now, alas, with the majority. Paperchasing in Calcutta started about 1869, up till when they had had a pack of hounds which were imported every year and sent up to the hills in the hot weather. Hunting in that part of India never really prospered, because immediately the dew evaporated, all scent vanished. Actually these paperchases were nothing more nor less than steeplechases over an unknown line indicated by paper shavings carried in enormous bags by two chaps who rode round the course and scattered the stuff as they went. The season lasted from about November till March, and ended up with a thing called the Paper Chase Cup. The distance was always about five miles or a bit more, over twenty-five to thirty fences: mud walls and big banks (Bunds), unbreakable, and some of them nearly five feet high. It was a really strenuous ride and the falling was made to match. There was only one rougher one (perhaps), the Kadir Cup, but there pigs were involved.

BECAUSE the horses in the Paper Chase Cup were frequently quite good enough to win in a more ambitious arena the pace was usually a cracker, you had to have something that could gallop and stay and was as handy as a cat. I was lucky enough to win outright in 1898, and in 1899 I thought I had won it, but they gave it a short head the other way, though I am sure that I got home by at least three-quarters of a length. As the Judge was a personal friend and rather short-sighted, there was naturally nothing to say.





THE VILLAINOUS COUSINS, Douglas and Francis Oberon (Alan MacNaughtan and Michael Denison), begin to think that marriage may be a more suitable fate for their cousin Toni (Dulcie Gray) than the blood-boltered end they had first visualized. Harris (Richard Goolden), having seen the family in this procrastinating mood before, smiles cynically to himself

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"We Must Kill Toni" (Westminster)

THIS comedy of murder begins delightfully with two brothers discussing with urbane wit the problem raised by a girl cousin whose inheritance of their lordly domain will beggar them. The brothers are as alike in deportment, dress and outlook as Tweedledee and Tweedledum, except that one invariably drinks port after dinner and the other brandy, a point of difference that the old butler ritualistically affects never to have noticed, though it is not without significance. They are at one in assuming that the girl cousin whom they have never seen must be disposed of somehow. Shall it be by marriage or by murder?

There is little or no difficulty in deciding that murder is the less horrible alternative; and since the house is well provided with secret doors, medieval oubliettes and crumbling Jacobean towers which have been the death of many of their line, the second alternative is clearly not only less horrible but less risky.

Toni arrives to be welcomed with old world courtesy. She is a charming young lady, indeed a perfect lamb; and her two slaughterers exchange amid suave civilities sly congratulatory glances. A simpler business than they had dared to imagine. No need to open up the oubliette or to complete the plan for a midnight assassination through the sliding ceiling: the crumbling Jacobean tower, with its detachable parapet, can be trusted to do the trick the very next morning while their guest is being invited to admire the beauty of her inheritance spread out far below.

THUS the first act, an introduction, admirably formal and symmetrical, to either of two sorts of play—the sort that lightly touches the macabre with a special gaiety that is itself rather terrifying or the sort that is boldly and inventively cynical in justifying situations which grow more and more farcical.

It would not matter to us which the author chose, but it does matter that Mr. Ian Stuart Black chooses neither.

He lets his idea degenerate into something that is more of a charade than a play, so that its innocuousness surprises and after winning a good deal of indulgent laughter eventually disappoints.

Nothing comes of the sinister Jacobean tower. The heroine ascends it of her own accord while the brothers are still sleeping and comes down with a good appetite for breakfast. Douglas at once lures her into a cellar where a roof has been so fixed that it must crush her to death.

Venturing down after the crash to make assurance doubly sure he is himself nearly caught by a second fall of roof. He is lugged to the surface with a badly hurt leg by the intended victim.



MISS RICHARDS (Mavis Pugh), the human hall-stand, lightens her burden of impedimenta with a timely drink

ALL this is very elaborate, but not very funny. The resolute Douglas tries again from an invalid chair to strangle her with a silk scarf. He is left ignominiously at her feet, so shaken by his murderous efforts that he is more than half ready to believe that it would be better to marry the girl. This is the play's best comic scene.

The formal style of the first act suited its matter and was extremely effective, but the same style applied to the rest of the comedy merely suggests a desire to conceal a lack of invention. Now it is the turn of Francis to try his hand. He has no better luck and he also falls back on the desperate remedy of marriage. So for a while we have Tweedledee and Tweedledum as rivals in love; but after that the game is obviously up. It is time for the two brothers to make a ceremonious end, the one making it with port and the other with brandy, a fittingly symmetrical end for a comedy depending more on symmetry than on anything else.

Yet it may be recommended (with all due reserve) on account of its stage treatment. None of the characters is alive; but Miss Dulcie Gray, Mr. Michael Denison, Mr. Alan MacNaughtan and Mr. Richard Goolden play together with much delicacy, as though they were engaged in high comedy, and Mr. Norman Marshall skilfully stylizes the little charade.



The bridegroom turned with a smiling word to his bride after they had cut the wedding-cake together. Afterwards they left to depart on their honeymoon, which is being spent in Majorca



Miss D. Hawkins and Mr. Arthur Talbot-Rice were two more friends who came to add their felicitations



Sir Charles Hambro, the bridegroom's father (right), with the Rt. Hon. J. P. L. Thomas and Sir Richard Cotterell

ADMIRALTY HOUSE was the scene of the reception given after the wedding of Mr. Charles Hambro and Miss Rose Cotterell (see also frontispiece). It was specially lent for the occasion by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Rt. Hon. J. P. L. Thomas, a friend of the young couple



Gallantly the pages escorted the little bridesmaids as, in company with the elder bridesmaids, they left St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, after the solemn and beautiful ceremony

London Linelight



Dramatic sawdust runs in the veins of the Russian marionettes

No Strings Attached

THE Moscow State Puppet Theatre, now at the Casino, very nearly destroys itself with its amazing realism. The figures are operated from below the stage, so that the verisimilitude is greatly increased and the effect is of seeing with remarkable clarity, from a great distance.

On each evening a full-length play is performed, with many characters all speaking Russian; and this is the rub. Those of us who are without this language are able to seize any point with such rapidity that the verbose intervals become terrifyingly dull.

M. Obratzov, the presiding genius of the performance (which is technically beyond superlatives), would, I think, be far better advised to confine his company to Charivaria, items which could be enjoyed swiftly and separately on individual brilliance.

THE *Bagatelle* has undergone a change of management and of décor. Both are improvements, but the latter should be further reconsidered, for with too light a ceiling it is impossible to concentrate a spotlight on the reigning star. In this case it is Hélène Cordet, a gracious and very beautiful Continental lady with style as well as elegance.

At the *Cabaret Club*, which still purveys its customary supply of pulchritude, there is a seventeen-year-old prestidigitator called Don Lee, who is awaiting his call-up. Here is a boy with outstanding gifts in his profession and unless the Army changes him into a regular camouflage officer, every maestro in the business will have to improve his technique to compete.

La Romanza has Poli, the caricaturist, as its visiting attraction. He will be remembered by old readers of THE BYSTANDER as an expert in a line which he now presents with even greater aplomb.

"**E**AST LYNNE" is being presented flamboyantly at Sadler's Wells, clearly with an eye to the future. At the opening it was decried by the cognoscenti as being a joke in waning taste, yet I found it uproariously funny. True, this is a caricature, with the sub-plot eliminated in favour of interpolated song-scenes, but the company, headed by Edgar K. Bruce, the adaptor, goes at the whole business hammer-and-tongs, to the delight of the vast majority.

Miss Ada Reeve who played Little Willie seventy-two years ago—this great lady is now eighty—regretted, I am told, the absence of some of the best lines. I could not share her sadness, for the skeleton of a remarkable plot remains and the bravura of the actors kept me delighted even at the oldest jokes. It is an over-ripe gallery orange of an evening, but delicious if you have an inclination for it. My hope is that *The Living Room* will shortly be revived in the same style.

—Youngman Carter



Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bt.

MISS VIRGINIA McKENNA, the stage and screen star, receives a bouquet from the Carnival Queen at the annual fête which she opened in the gardens of Knebworth House, Hertfordshire. The house is the residence of Mr. Cameron Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England, and Lady Hermione Cobbold, daughter of the late Earl of Lytton and of the Countess of Lytton. Lady Hermione is seen in the right background



Major William Kirkwood, a former Irish international polo player, at the charity match in Phoenix Park, Dublin

Talk Around the Town

NO social history of this churlish summer of 1954 should fail to record that among the many surprises visited on us has been an all-Russian week.

It crept in with July in a most insidious manner, and reached a point when one evening newspaper devoted no fewer than five different headlines to Slavic affairs.

We had the Russians rowing (in both senses) at Henley, we had Russians arriving to win the chess championships, Russian reporters were being interviewed on the likelihood of their being spies (as alleged by Mr. Petrov in Melbourne), Russians (or anti-Russians, according to which paper you read) winning (or losing) hands down in Guatemala, and, in one of the West End's more cavernous theatres, we had a three-hour dose of the Russian language to the posturing of Russian puppets.

It was but in the spirit of the week that in the middle of all this I should arrive at a performance of tear-jerking *East Lynne* at Sadler's Wells just at the moment when a plump lady was crying that she did not want to fight, but by Jingo if she did . . . "the Russians will not take Constantinople!"

Nor did this complete the feast.

WHAT I am looking forward to is the inside story behind the events of the night of June 30th, when Covent Garden became a very Royal Opera House for the evening.

If, as I am assured by a Foreign Office friend, there may possibly have been some political import mixed with the pleasure of the visit of the King and Queen of Sweden, then it is all the more intriguing.

Who was it chose a Russian opera, conducted by a specially flown-in Russian

musician, to set before a monarch who was escaping for a week's holiday from the Russian orbit? Or chose an opera making a clown of a king?

Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq d'Or* is not a great opera, nor is it one of Covent Garden's best efforts. Nor was the star of the piece British—she was that fine Negro artist Miss Mattiwilda Dobbs, an American.

Life was so much simpler at Covent Garden in the old days.

Occasions like this arranged themselves. It was always *La Bohème*.

★ ★ ★

WHEN—or if ever—Sir Winston Churchill lays down the burden of leadership at least one citizen hopes that among his many legacies will have been the creation of a Minister of Common Sense.

How well he performed the office himself during the war can be judged by anyone who reads through the appendices of his memoirs.

Every day, when he had dealt with the war proper, he would begin his sniping campaign against the stupids of Whitehall—against the D.O.R.A.s, the Orders in Council, the misinterpreters of regulations and the accumulated inanities of bureaucracy.

Fired from the hip, at bedside level, would go his: "Pray tell me why . . . I am much grieved to learn . . . I do not believe in mere verbiage of this kind . . . why? . . . why? . . . give me your explanation on one sheet of paper."

Peace has brought no relief to the harassed citizen. Scarcely a day passes but one comes on some official offence against common sense, whose origin is as obscure as its nuisance is great.

I have recently been listening to some visitors' complaints about the buying of purchase-taxed articles in shops in London. Once paid for, they cannot see them again; they must be sent straight to the port of departure.

ONE of the pleasures of buying is to be able to handle the purchase at the time, perhaps to show it off in the evening, or to wear it; but worse, there are times when a buyer wishes to compare shades of colouring, or size, towards making further purchases.

No wonder I hear, time and time again, "we can get the same things much easier in Bermuda or the Bahamas or Paris or Montreal without this fuss." And no wonder that so many West End shops have

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Very nice, but probably all second-hand stuff, if one only knew."

abandoned the complicated sales system devised for them by Whitehall by which these distant deliveries can be overcome.

Of course, before he turns over the office to the first full-time Minister of Common Sense, Sir Winston will have liquidated D.O.R.A. And who better to do it than a Prime Minister who confesses that his hours for refreshment are not regulated by the clock but by "stomach time"?

Who benefits by the interference with the liberty of the subject to have a glass of beer or wine, or anything, when he feels like it?

If I seem particularly vehement on all this I will confess that I am rather hoping that I may get a job on the wine side of the new Ministry when it is formed.

★ ★ ★

I WAS glad to read that the latest flying saucer behaved like a "jelly-fish," for this suggests a possible merging of two of our most popular of holiday legends—the Men-from-Mars and the Sea Serpent, which take over in summer from the Abominable Snowman.

Of the existence of the sea serpent I have never had any doubt at all, my wonder being reserved for the doubters.

The other day I read a picture caption to this effect: "The oar fish (*regalecus*) can reach a length of 40 ft., and is possibly mistaken for the mythical sea serpent."

What do they mean "mythical"? And "mistaken"?

The picture shows five Australians hugging a serpentine monster with an evil face and a body about a foot in diameter. If this is not a sea serpent, then what is?

As for the dear old Loch Ness Monster, could it conceivably prove to be any more monstrous than, say, a hippopotamus, or many other of the things turned up from the mud and waters?

It is comforting to think that man still hopes to believe that there are things left which have not yet been photographed, interviewed or televised for him. But not many.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I quoted Mr. Murray Posh, of the Grossmiths' *Diary of a Nobody*, as the possible origin of the word "posh," I overlooked the claims made by P. & O. passengers.

This theory holds that the word was coined by stewards to indicate passengers rich enough to book cabins "Port Outwards" and "Starboard Homebound"—so as to catch any cool winds going in the Indian Ocean and Red Sea.

I have always been doubtful of this, for there would seem no possible conjunction of such letters. No one's luggage would be marked in this way, nor could there be there-and-back passengers to be spoken of thus.

It would seem more likely that it referred to a traveller able to go P. & O. line rather than by its humbler British India brother. (Known as mere Bifs?)

For some years I have had in my desk a match box of the "club" kind I never see nowadays. It must be nearer 3 ins. than 2 ins. long, and contained "an average of seventy" thick matches before it was given over to drawing pins and bits of what-not. It bears the arms of the P. & O. and B.I. lines (displaying Britannia, an elephant, a pyramid and some pagodas), with a reminder that the British India, even if its ships are not as posh as those of the P. & O., is still the controlling company of the fleet.

—Gordon Beckles



Watching a keenly contested chukker were Mr. John Martin, an expert player himself, and Mrs. Frank Cannon from Co. Meath



Mr. Charles A. Rogers, the trainer (left), presents the Haig Trophy to Brig. Bryan Fowler, winners' captain. The match was arranged by Lady Goulding



Mr. Maxwell Arnott, of Clonsilla, with Lady Nugent. The game was played to help the Dublin Central Remedial Clinic

Co. Dublin defeated Co. Mayo in First Big Polo Match of the Irish Season in Phoenix Park

Fennell



Mr. Brian Morris, Mrs. Parry Davies, Mrs. Ogle and Commander John Ogle, R.N., chatted together during the reception



Sir Anthony Tichborne, the chairman of the ball committee, had here an interested audience in Mr. Stephen Mitchell and Mrs. John Miller



Mr. William Dwight Whitney and his wife (Adrienne Allan, the actress) had a drink with Lady Coryton and Mr. John Mullock

A BOW TO LADIES AT ST. JAMES' CLUB

FOLLOWING the enormous success of the Coronation Year Ball, the St. James' Club, Piccadilly, made another break with an all-masculine tradition and held a similarly enjoyable event this month. The Persian, Spanish, Nepalese and Luxembourg Ambassadors were among the 250 guests present



Mrs. Trevor Fenwick, Mr. Trevor Fenwick, Mme. Cabriol and Col. O'Keith Beattie were admiring the fine engravings



Sitting-out between dances were Mr. Nicholas Embiricos, Mrs. Ivanovic, Mr. A. Ivanovic, Mrs. Norman, Mr. Antony Norman, and Mrs. Embiricos. The St. James' Club is one of the chief diplomatic centres in London



Pausing on the stairway were Mrs. Spencer-Smith, Mr. Spencer-Smith, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. Carol Fitzgerald, Miss Jane Ryder, Miss Deirdre O'Donnell, Mr. Tristan de Avilés and Mr. C. Bramwell



A pleasant conversation over a glass of sherry was enjoyed by Lord Reay and Mrs. C. A. W. Beaumont



Later in the evening, Mr. E. D. Cameron and Mrs. Charles Villiers found time for a serious discussion



Meeting together in the bar were Mrs. Louis Villiers, Mr. Lebbeus Hordern and Miss Margaret Monie



Miss Helen Shore was being entertained, during the evening, by Mr. Anthony Dove and Capt. David Bagnall



DINING OUT

Educate Your Waiter

WHY do nine out of ten waiters tempt you to order your dinner the wrong way round?

You have scarcely seated yourself before they pounce on you with, "Now what can I suggest to start with, sir? A little smoked salmon? Or some nice smoked trout? Perhaps a potage?"

Which is absurd.

They should, of course—and I hope you are with me in insisting on this—stand by while you consider the main dishes. What comes before, and afterwards, can then be chosen to fit. And this helps the chef as well as giving you a balanced dinner. I would even go so far as to say that with the choice of the main dish you might move straight away over to the wine list.

And on the subject of wine, I have noted no improvement in the knowledge displayed by the average *sommelier*. Your good head waiter should be able to advise you just as well; but I suppose that is against staff etiquette.

What I have noticed of recent years is an increasing number of places selling wine by the glass, enabling you to have a light meal yet two glasses of two different wines.

Now for a couple of just-out-of-town places which we have come on, one for the first time. . . .

THE CROWN (at Garston, between Watford and St. Albans). An inn whose discovery is a reward for those who search for surprises, for the menu is not only exceptionally large for a country place but the cooking lives up to it. (And you can early put it to the *pâté* test—it's excellent.)

Nationality of the patron revealed by such items as Swiss ravioli, a Swiss fondue (rarely met with) and some Swiss wines, but you need not sample the latter. There is a good French wine list, if rather on the expensive side (cheapest red burgundy £1). But you can have wine by the glass, including some seasonable *vin rosé*; beer is Benskin's. Most main dishes around 7s. 6d.

FRENCH HORN (Sonning-on-Thames, towards Reading). Exterior not impressive, but a cuisine distinguished by simplicity and a general excellence. Just the place for a slice of melon, some salmon, a fresh country salad, strawberries and cream, and a bottle of hock, with a laze on the lawn afterwards. The proprietor is informative about the menu and wines if he is asked. Prices comparable to those at "The Crown."

Looking at restaurant prices, generally, for 1951 does not make very encouraging reading in 1954.

The old Ministry of Food restrictions had something to be said for them—things were cheaper. The effect of the new ruling about waiters' tips, wages and taxation, a subject which defies simplification, has yet to be felt. I hope it benefits the customer for once.

—I. Bickerstaff



F. J. Goodman
MME. GOUSSAULT, photographed in her Paris flat, is wearing the lovely ball gown designed for her by Pierre Balmain. Formerly the wife of the late Lord Ashley, she is now married to Col. François Goussault, of the French Air Force

Priscilla in Paris

Unchanging Magic of the Stage

As the years pass I find that the small thrills of life that used to enchant me change and become less moving, but there is one that endures every time it comes my way. That is when, seated in the vast auditorium of the Grand Opera House of Paris, the house lights are dimmed, a golden glow bathes the lower border of the great curtain, and the conductor raises his baton.

During one annihilative heartbeat there fall a silence so thrilling that—with perfect serenity—I think: “This is death!” (Of course, it has sometimes happened

that a few moments later I have thought, with equal but less serene conviction, “this is hell!” and longed anxiously for the interval.)

The other night at a gala performance to raise funds for the Confederation of the Volunteer Combatants of the Resistance I was all set to enjoy this favourite thrill. It was a very gala-ish gala. The floodlit façade of the Opera seemed more grandiose than usual, the crowds that gathered on the pavements more vast and, perhaps, more critical as they watched the lovelies in their long frocks stumbling—let us pretend that “stumbling” is a synonym for “tripping”

—up the steps to the entrance; the *Garde Républicaine* in its best white pants lining the world-famous marble staircase leading to the boxes; dear, smiling President Coty (all the cares of State sponged from his kind face for the occasion), and, as *clou* to the proceedings, Mme. Ingrid Bergman appearing in Paul Claudel's poem: *Jeanne au Bûcher*—music by Honegger—produced by Rossellini.

I GOT my thrill. It would have been ungracious not to have felt one, but it was just the ordinary, pleasant-evening-pretty-women-lovely-frocks-jolly-lads-and-it's-nice-to-be-here kind of happy little tickle that one gets at any agreeable party.

The programme started with a documentary film taken ten years ago on the Normandy beaches, but having bumbled about with an ambulance unit in that part of *le pays* nine years and eleven-and-a-half months ago, I was less thrilled than a layman. This was followed by *Gisèle*, with all the primas, *assolutas* and other top-notchers of the *corps de ballet* from Darsonval and Chauviré to Vyronbova and Daydé, including Serge Lifar and Bozzoni. Nothing, in the way of classical dancing, could be finer than this performance, but one can become a little, just a very little, weary of *Gisèle*.

Jeanne au Bûcher was the high—and very magnificently beautiful—light of the evening. Miss Bergman was all that we expected that talented and lovely actress to be, and we all know the scenic possibilities of the Paris Opera House; M. Rossellini had plenty of gadgets to play with, and he made the most of them. I have the shamed feeling, however, that most of us—poor low-brows that we are—would rather see her in a really good talkie with a handsome *vis-à-vis* any day, and we would like it to be in French, please, for her slight accent is charming.

THE midinettes of Paris—whose mothers, aye, and grandmothers had so much to say about a certain Prince of Wales—now know for themselves what it is to have a *Prince Charmant* to adore from afar! He is *le prince Pheelepe* (*duc d'Edinbourg* is less romantic), and since his visit to Paris, his photograph is in greater demand than Luis Mariano's or even Jean Marais'! Carmen Tessier, with her usual verve, tells how Jean Rigaud speaks of him also.

The famous cabaret entertainer found H.R.H. to be “simplicity and kindness itself” at the party given by Lord and Lady Ismay. Rigaud is one of the wittiest of *raconteurs* and a shrewdly caustic critic of France's political big-wigs, but on this occasion he refrained from his vitriolic comments at their expense. “After all,” he said, “one cannot knock one's countrymen before strangers, even when they are as charming and *sympathique* as these are!”

Yet another upholder of the *Entente Cordiale*.

Enfin!

● Sacha Guitry's latest: Some women only tell half a truth. Others tell the whole of it and invent another half.

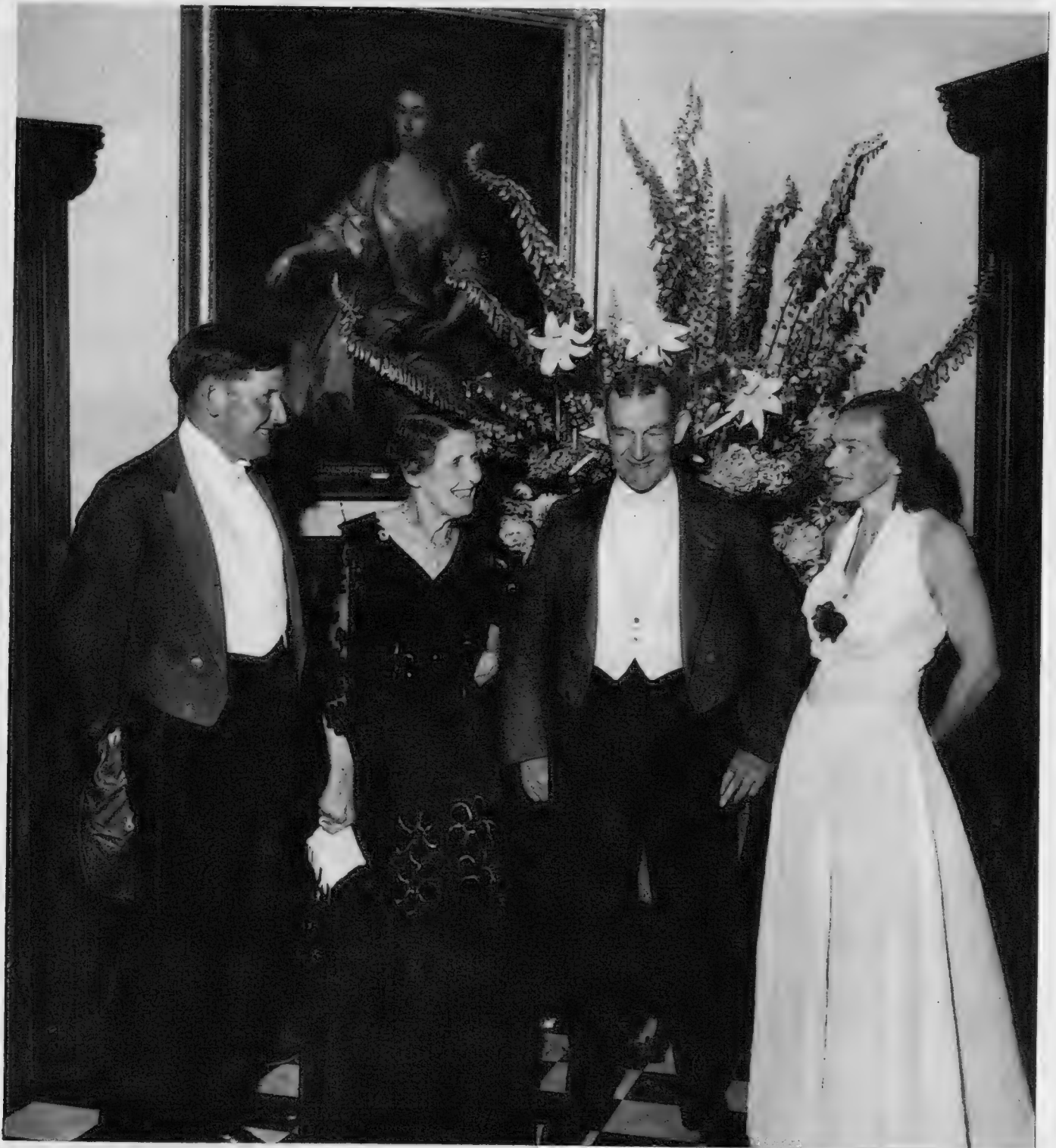
PUCKERIDGE HUNT HELD SUMMER BALL

FANHAMS HALL, Hertfordshire, was the scene of the well-attended Puckeridge Hunt Ball. Nearly 600 guests were present, and many of them had come from neighbouring hunts. Buffet supper was served in the Long Gallery and dancing in the Great Hall went on till dawn

[Continued overleaf



At supper were Brig. H. Leveson Gower, Princess Frederick of Prussia, Mrs. Derek Butler-Adams, Mr. Edward Barford, Mrs. Ian Orr-Ewing, Mrs. Cedrick Braby, Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing and Mrs. T. E. Barr-Smith



Under one of the many fine portraits gathered the joint Masters of the hunt, Capt. C. E. Barclay and Maj. M. E. Barclay, with Mrs. M. E. Barclay and Mrs. C. E. Barclay. The Mastership of the Puckeridge hunt has been in the Barclay family for over fifty years

Continuing —

DANCERS ADMIRED A QUEEN ANNE MANSION

GUESTS at the Puckeridge Hunt Ball were not slow to appreciate the beauty of their surroundings. Now the property of the Westminster Bank, Fanhams Hall dates from the early eighteenth century. The many lovely walks were decorated with fairy lights and the whole gardens floodlit for the occasion



Mr. Robin Mayhew, Mrs. E. A. Cooper-Key, Mrs. Robin Mayhew and Maj. E. A. Cooper-Key



Mrs. Jack Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Robinson, and Mr. Julian Watson were walking out into the gardens



Miss M. Thompson-McCausland, Miss L. Stirling, Mr. J. Fennell, Miss A. Rich, Mr. D. Walder and Mr. L. Rich



From the oak-raftered gallery panelling, Mr. James White looked out on to the



The house contains many artistic treasures, and here, in the setting of a stormy scene, Mr. Hugh Robinson recounted an amusing hunting incident to Mr. G. Strakosch. Mrs. G. Strakosch and Mrs. Hugh Robinson



with its intricately carved
and Mrs. J. James looked
below



Miss Virginia Estcourt, wearing a charm-
ing lace crinoline, was dancing a waltz
with Mr. Francis Humphreys



Mrs. Peter Pryor, hon. sec. of the
Hunt Ball Committee, chatted to
Mr. and Mrs. N. McElligott



ascape and a floral decoration,
F.H. Hertfordshire Hunt (left),



A party which greatly enjoyed this most successful ball included Mr. Gerald
Lacoste, Mrs. R. Crouch, Mrs. Gerald Lacoste, Mr. R. Crouch, Mr. Stuart
Johnstone and Mrs. Oliver Smedley, here taking champagne

Van Hallan



"After a dropped catch ... a tender word, and a fond bosom"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

WILL not a beauteous landscape bright, or Music's soothing sound, console the heart, afford delight, and throw sweet peace around? They may—but never comfort lend like an accomplish'd female friend.

We make no apology for quoting a favourite Victorian poet, the Rev. Cornelius Whur. His remarks have immediate bearing on a recent demand by a Sports Page expert roaring that touring Test cricketers fight and suffer for Mother England even more gallantly if they have their wives with them, as they should.

This can hardly be doubted: after a dropped catch, in fact, a tender word, and a fond bosom to recline on ("My Man!") might well decide the future of the Commonwealth. But what of the Test boys without wives, one asks oneself? Should they lay their aching noggins (by arrangement and under supervision) on the same soft bosoms, or should the MCC follow the tip of Rev. Whur (above)?

For lasting joys the man attend
Who has a polish'd female friend. . . .

Obviously the difficulty here would be to prevent a horde of little actresses and other saucy types from imposing on the MCC selectors, trapesing round the globe after the unattached Test boys, and creating riot and havoc everywhere.

Footnote

THIS kind of nuisance actually happened, an elderly cricket lover was telling us, when the famous amateur XI, known as I Zingari (The Gypsies) first took the field at Lord's, followed by a draggetailed mob of fierce, dark, hoarse women, singing, cursing,

dancing, roasting hedgehogs on the field, carrying babies on their backs, telling fortunes, selling the embarrassed spectators tinware, love-charms, clothes-pegs, and other articles, and occasionally knifing members of the MCC decent enough to protest. "The harm done to the grand old game by these Romany goings-on was incalculable," said this elderly chap. "It must not be allowed to happen again."

Looking up Rev. Whur, we see he says that beauty is worthless but conversation with a polished female beyond all price. All right, MCC. What about a look-see round the London School of Economics, to begin with?

Snotty

MOST of the Fleet Street boys' tributes to midshipmen, who from next May will no longer serve with the Fleet but will join their ships as acting subs, mourned the loss of the saucy pink-cheeked hero of a thousand books for boys, now about to vanish into Limbo after winning practically every naval engagement in our rough Island story barring, possibly, Trafalgar.

It was not till we grew up that we discovered a gross deception practised by the naval department of the booksy racket on British infancy. Throughout the entire Georgian era, and longer, a midshipman might easily turn out to be no gallant cherub but a stoutish, grey-haired, gloomy old sourpuss in middle age, thanks to a system whereby midshipmen without influence often had to wait twelve or fifteen or twenty years for their next step. This elderly type was obviously unsuitable for song or story, much of its time being spent in cursing Their Lordships' wigs and attributing promotion in the Navy exclusively to intrigue, forgery, bribery, blackmail, or a pretty wife. Yet (as we said to a highbrow last week) it should have been of some use to a good novelist like Plug Austen.

"Plug Austen?" The highbrow seemed puzzled.

"Well, that's what they called her aboard HMS *Intolerable*."

Apparently he'd never heard about Gunner's Mate Jane Austen and her running away to sea in 1810. It's quite a story. . . .

Floreat

LITTER-HOSTESSES may figure prominently in all future Fourth of June celebrations, our Eton spies report, following the frightful disclosures to Auntie *Times* of the harvest of rubbish and bottles ("broken and unbroken") reaped on Fellows Eyot after the last occasion.

The Anti-Litter League will co-operate and a draft-protocol is already being drawn up. "Banks of azaleas and other rich flowers will screen a bevy of handpicked British beauty," said a spokesman last week, "arrayed, if possible,

in a fitting compromise between the dress-uniform of the Tenth (Pink) Esterhazy Dragoons and the more sober garb of a typical member of 'Pop.' At regular intervals the flowers will part, revealing a line of roguish, delightful faces alight with half-serious, half-playful appeal, and a chorus of musical voices will cry 'Floreat Etona! Please do not muck up the turf! Thank you!'"

Climax

As the day wears on, added this spokesman, the chief hostess may (by permission of the Provost) step forward to recite, blushing deliciously, Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of the Litter at Eton College*.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where pale Decorum starts and glowers
At all the mess display'd,
When (on the Fourth) the verdant field
Doth fifty tons of garbage yield. . . .

An array of decorative bins will eventually be filled by the entire assembly to the strains of the Boating Song, "each ardent Old Etonian," said this spokesman, warmly, "vying wholeheartedly with his fellows under the fastidious yet melting glances of the fair." TV arrangements in due course.

Toss

WATCHING a group of hearty, happy LCC dustmen heaving garbage-cans the other morning, it struck us that an annual Garbage Summer School would be just the thing for certain Third Programme types whose spiritual pride is becoming quite fantastic.

The last time highbrows of this type took a real communal toss was, we believe, in the nineties, when they hailed (in chorus) a poet named Stephen Phillips as the equal and successor of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Old Uncle Alf Tennyson and all. Actually Phillips was not a bad poet. However, he soon faded out and the critic boys slunk round for a time with very long red ears indeed. Heaving garbage would (we think) obviate this by correcting their perspective and enlarging their horizons. Moreover one or two of them might even find themselves heaved accidentally into the wagons and dumped on Barking Level, as happened to a female novelist tossed out of a publisher's party some time ago. Landing in an ash-can, she woke up on the dumps at Barking and abused the honest dustmen so viciously that one of them, Reginald by name, complained to the *Times Literary Supplement*, with such frigid mastery that he was invited to edit that organ. A brokenhearted mother's plea, however, prevailed.

Dustmen would teach these BBC types to sing, incidentally. . . .



"... and dumped on Barking Level"



Some of the competitors clustered round to watch the presentation of the Max Aitken Trophy. It was won by Mr. E. Douglas Caird (centre), with a score of 33½ points, who received it from the Hon. Max Aitken



With great concentration Mr. C. S. Collen-Smith prepared to play a shot, watched by the Hon. P. G. Campbell, son and heir of Lord Glenavy, and Mel, the caricaturist



Three of the competitors were, Mr. J. Musgrave-Wood (better known as Emm-wood), Mr. A. Freedman, Assistant Editor, "Sunday Express," and Mr. D. Farthing

"PRESIDENT'S DAY" of the Press Golfing Society, which celebrates its Golden Jubilee this year, was held recently at the Walton Heath Club. This year's president, the Hon. Max Aitken, gave a special trophy for annual competition, for which many leading personalities of the Press competed



Tired but contented after a day's golfing were Mr. C. T. Canty and Mr. R. G. Hills, of the "Daily Sketch," and Mr. A. R. Everett

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"It's a three-line whip. . . !"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

AN elderly gentleman was sitting next to a man at a football match who constantly took nips from a bottle. At last, unable to restrain himself, he said, disapprovingly:

"Sir, I am seventy-two years old, and never in my life have I touched alcohol."

"All right, sir," replied the other cheerily, "don't worry, you're not going to start now."

THE outside broadcast man was working on a feature in a village street. He picked on a schoolgirl, and after the usual opening questions, he suddenly asked her: "Who wrote 'Gray's Elegy'?" The girl looked startled and then a puzzled frown appeared between her brows. She'd heard of it, of course, and remembered reading it in school, but she couldn't remember the name of the poet. Seeking to give her a hint, the radio man pointed to a shop across the street.

"That's Robinson's shoe-shop. Now, if Mr. Robinson owns the shoe-shop, who wrote 'Gray's Elegy'?"

A light dawned on the girl's face:

"Why, of course, Mr. Robinson wrote it," she said.

As the daughter came home after a "date," her mother was waiting for her.

"I hope you didn't let that young man kiss you," she said.

"Well, mummy," replied the girl, "as a matter of fact, I did. He told me he had lost an uncle and I felt sorry for him."

Her mother snorted. "If I know anything about that young man," she said, "he won't have a relative left in a week!"

HIGH words were flying between the husband and wife.

At last the man snapped, "You've never done anything without boasting about it."

"Oh, yes, I have," replied the wife.

"And what?" sneered the husband.

"I married you," she retorted.

At The Pictures

PECK AND THE KIDNAPPERS



Gregory Peck and Anita Bjork in "The Night People"

Now and then Hollywood turns out a film as though to remind us that, as far as the mechanics of film-making go, the rest of us are really amateurs with occasional flashes of brilliance. Such a film is *The Night People*. There is nothing outstanding about it. On the other hand, there is nothing mediocre.

It is just a highly

professional production, with a good story and a good cast, directed with easy assurance.

The story, which could be described as a political thriller, is set in occupied Berlin. An American soldier has been kidnapped into the East Zone. To Gregory Peck, an Intelligence Colonel, falls the task of getting him back. Peck has to deal not only with the Russians but also with Broderick Crawford, who, as the soldier's father and a high-powered industrial tycoon, arrives in Berlin to take charge. Peck has to convince him that dollars and efficiency are no substitute for cloaks and daggers.

There is much dirty work on both sides of the Curtain, but Colonel Peck outwits the lot and returns the soldier to Dad. The part gives him opportunity to show, apart from his charm and good looks, his ability as an actor. He is ably supported by Broderick Crawford, Anita Bjork and Buddy Ebsen. But the highest marks must go to Nunnally Johnson, the director, who keeps the players and the story on the move all the time.

STOUT, middle-aged and charming Shirley Booth hardly suits the conventional formula for a female star. However, she rang the bell in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and won an Academy Award. So what is to be done with her? The answer comes this week in *About Mrs. Leslie*. Miss Booth plays the stout, middle-aged and charming proprietress of a boarding-house with a list of guests and a past which, in flashback, enable her to display her considerable acting talent. It is an unusual, well-meaning, rambling film whose message seems to be the nicer you are the more life kicks you around.

OLD-FASHIONED, knockabout farce is the formula in *Happy Ever After*. David Niven is appallingly miscast as the wicked English squire who inherits an Irish village and proceeds to destroy its happy-go-lucky existence by calling in debts, stopping poaching, insisting on the rent being paid, sacking the servants for drunkenness and other English brutalities. The village turns and, in its crusade to get rid of him, takes us through the entire gamut of farce up to and including the phoney ghost meeting the real ghost. So now you know what to expect.

The principal trouble is that one cannot believe in David Niven as a villain. Veteran A. E. Matthews makes a splendid M.F.H. He even makes us laugh when he is dying. Yvonne de Carlo is the *femme fatale* and there are good performances from Michael Shepley, Robert Urquhart and Liam Redmond.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Sir Pierce Lacy, Bt., with his team: Mr. G. Newman and Lt.-Col. N. J. Wilson (front), Capt. J. Hutton, Maj. A. Waldron, Mr. A. Skinner and Mr. N. Paul (centre), Capt. D. Imlay, Mr. W. Bridge, Capt. M. Maynard, Mr. C. Lubbock and Mr. D. Evans

CAREFREE CRICKET

AT AMPTON HALL



Applauding some particularly lively play by the Royal Artillery were Lady Phyllis MacRae and Lady Gordon-Finlayson

TWO days of thoroughly enjoyable cricket took place at Ampton Hall when Sir Pierce Lacy invited a team from the Royal Artillery, Shoeburyness, to visit his 15,000-acre estate near Bury St. Edmunds and play his own XI. Many spectators were entertained by Sir Pierce on both days, and the match, played throughout in the best traditions of country-house cricket, ended in a draw.



Watching the cricket from the comfort of deck chairs on a sunny afternoon were Col. A. C. Robinson, Col. D. Pott and Miss Antonia McMullen

Television

VIEWING AT
ITS BEST

FROM Sunday's preview through the next three evenings, nobody who has seen the International Horse Show televised in previous years, or is prevented from attending in person, will need inviting twice to view one of the spectacles most becoming to TV and best illuminated by it.

Indoors the studios pursue their own silly season of panel games. Tuesday's "Crime Quiz" introducing Helen Bailey, a new pretty panellist, reaches half-way through the group of eight being tried out, TV fashion, on the public. Unreadiness marked the opening musical quiz, a much-mauled bright idea which could still be pulled together for a second round. Even to-night's new serial, *Six Proud Walkers*, has a panel-game background.

Happily, TV drama promises more than usual vigour and variety (in the literal sense). To-night Diana Wynyard, who once, I seem to remember, appeared in *This is Show Business*, not too happily cast as St. Joan, risks TV again to co-star with Norman Wooland in Sierra's *The Lover*. To-morrow, those who missed *The Small Victory*, third in Iain McCormick's triumphant cycle of television dramas, get a second chance.

For Tuesday week Douglas Allen has assembled a cast for *Misalliance* fit to do Bernard Shaw's memory birthday honours. Olga Lindo, splendidly at home in TV, will be Mrs. Tarleton. Hypatia justly rewards Mary Watson for her striking performance in *The Mistress of Jalna*, while Patricia Laffan must feel she owes her casting as the fabulous Lina Szczepanowska, Polish acrobat from a "flying machine," to her star part in the film *Devil Girl from Mars*.

TV's obsession with light entertainment achieves curiously little gaiety, and a rare delight like the Bristol Old Vic's musical, *Comedy of Errors*, only emphasizes the even stranger dearth of musical comedy. So next Sunday's (and Thursday's) play of the deep South, *Halcyon Days*, by James Dyrenforth, stirs hope as a "play with music." The predominantly coloured cast is led by Gordon Heath, TV's impressive *Emperor Jones*.

As for Saturday's number of *The Spice of Life*, if Sir Alan Herbert does not make it live up to its name, something must be wrong with the English version of one of the prides of French TV.

IN the Party Political Broadcast which asked viewers to telephone questions then and there, the Conservative Party occupied TV's home base by that direct approach to viewers favoured by light and heavy entertainment alike. The Party's Economic Secretary should also find steady employment compère a panel-game whenever he wishes. H.H. the Aga Khan in *Press Conference* showed whole panels of "professional" personalities what the word personality really means.

Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* made the most magical TV drama since Mauriac's *The Intruder*. Both were produced by Harold Clayton, who performed the spell of making the play look as though it had been written for TV alone, and never for a theatre.

George Foa surpassed previous efforts in his uphill toil to popularise opera by a fine robust performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, with splendid dramatic singing from Amy Shuard (Santuzza) and Raymond Nilsson (Turiddu). But why not let opera be a minority pleasure?—especially as opera lovers are quite a sizable minority.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Interested comments on some of the individual performances came from Brig. F. Sigger, Col. F. Osborne and Mrs. F. Sigger



Gen. Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson was chatting to Mrs. Lithgow towards the end of the afternoon's play



Two of the lady spectators who had come to watch the match were Miss E. Glasbrook and Miss C. Maclean



Miss Belinda Gouldsmith and Mr. Christopher Robinson were laughing over an amusing incident which had occurred



The Royal Artillery XI. were Col. T. Hardy, Col. N. Foster, and Lt.-Col. W. Lawson (front), Maj. H. Gardner, Lt.-Col. L. Cocks, Maj. K. Goodall, Maj. J. Willcocks (centre), 2/Lt. N. Dobbs, 2/Lt. R. Bird, 2/Lt. P. Lewis and Capt. M. Waters



COLETTE, a living legend, has achieved a fame unequalled in Europe. She is the author of more than sixty works, including the play "Gigi," which had a successful run on Broadway. Now, at the age of eighty-one, she views the world shrewdly, yet with tolerance.

Baron

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

The Private Life Of Robinson Crusoe

DANIEL DEFOE ranks as the author of England's earliest best-seller. That the author of *Robinson Crusoe* also stood in the stocks must have shocked at least one infant's sense of unassailable literary respectability. The career held, actually, more than these two high points of contrasted success and ignominy—how much *had* happened to one man before the world-famous Crusoe came into being, it is salutary to learn.

Brian Fitzgerald's DANIEL DEFOE (Secker and Warburg; 18s.) is well subtitled "A Study in Conflicts." For we are shown the tissue, the light-and-shade, of a really extraordinary personality—a man who, essentially of his time, no less affected his time strongly.

Defoe lived in five reigns; born in Charles II's, he died in George I's, and it might be said that his fortunes varied with each. As a child of the City of London (a Chandler's son) he survived the Great Plague and beheld the Great Fire. Lively, it would appear, from birth, he reacted strongly against the Puritanism of his family background and upbringing—yet, at the same time, never quite got Puritanism out of his system. He had in that sense, Mr. Fitzgerald suggests, a psychology common to many Englishmen—hankerings worked against by repressions. His parents intended him for the ministry; his temperament no less than his ambitions soon bore him to the other extreme. To the end he was restless; he died in hiding.

This excellent biographical study presents Defoe as a character, dynamic rather than lovable, arresting rather than attractive. To follow his fortunes, as shown here, is none the less as engrossing as to pursue those of any of his heroes and heroines. Could fiction offer anything more dramatic than these real-life ups and downs? Granted, Defoe lived at a time when England was in the throes of a re-making, when reputations were in the melting-pot and those in high places as well as low were gambling upon an uncertain future. The little man with the long nose was a go-getter: as a merchant, a place-hunter and a journalist he watched the market in goods, personalities and ideas. Yet, he was capable of a reckless and all but self-destructive intellectual courage. Like many men who seem typical of their time, he was in ways well ahead of it.

BORN in 1660, in Cripplegate, the only son of good Mr. Foe arrived into those mixed passions surrounding the Restoration. (Calling himself *Defoe* was one of Daniel's amiable pieces of snobbish nonsense.) Vehemently democratic and middle-class, he at once envied and deprecated the aristocracy—though a taste for racing and pretty girls soon drew him into raffish, high-born company. His quick, sure brain not only gripped but applied the many scientific ideas which, current during the later seventeenth century, were to alter its concept of life. For, pre-eminently, Defoe was a journalist—though pamphleteering, an art of his age, came first. The drive of his nature, of his entire temperament, imparted a fearsome drive to his pen.

IN fact, here is an example of modern man, exploding his modernity on an age not yet quite ready to take it; and plus genius. The rebel in him was seldom not to the fore—he rode out to take part in the Monmouth rising; he (eagerly anti-Jacobite) acclaimed that second revolution which was to instate William III. and Mary. His Whig views, his political acumen and the favour he found with the King himself, gave Defoe position during that dual reign. But he fell foul of the Tory and High Church parties who, with Queen Anne's accession, came into power—he had gone too far, in his pamphleteering, for many tastes: imprisonment followed, and thrice the pillory. He had been the common people's champion, and they did not forget: he was cheered and, as he stood pilloried, pelted and garlanded with flowers. That the dreaded humiliation became a triumph did not make his enemies love him better.

Mr. Fitzgerald has handled extremely well what might have been an involved story. Mazes of complications surround Defoe, but his biographer has succeeded in drawing a clear, continuous line through them. What is surprising is, how late in the life came the actual writing of the novels. *Robinson Crusoe*, *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana* and *Colonel Jack* were, in fact, the resorts of their author's old age. They were, indeed, in the nature of a dream-compensation—"a superb escape," says the biographer, "from reality."

MR. FITZGERALD continues, "Defoe never outgrew the speculative, adventurous boy of sixteen where the sea was concerned. But alas, he was not sixteen but sixty, an old man with failing health, and he would never see those places. Very well; in his books he would visit them. In his books he could live in a waking dream, freed from the chains of domesticity. He could sail away on the ocean with his Crusoe, boldly braving the tempests and shipwrecks which so terrified him in real life. He could compensate himself for all the failures of his life—for his bankruptcy, for the degradation of imprisonment, and claustrophobic fear of confinement which haunted him ever afterwards—by becoming the captain of his soul and master of his fate on an imaginary uninhabited island in the North Atlantic." *Moll Flanders*, that splendid picaresque story, was drawn from something nearer Defoe's experience: his attraction to ladies of the town, his youthful affair with Norton the oyster-girl, and the rogues' gallery of his imprisoned days combined to people his pages for him. The dauntless Moll has in her her creator's vitality. Here was a genius which seldom flagged. And, stylistically, here was a master of English for all time. The journalism, brilliant and attacking, forged for its purpose a language of its own; but one's chief joy must be the narrative prose—mobile, vital, comely and clear-cut.

(Continued on page 90)





Pleasant memories of a most enjoyable occasion were shared by Admiral Sir Richard and Lady Symonds-Tayler and Miss E. Symonds-Tayler



The host, Mr. Tucker, proposed the health of his son William, for whom the party was given and who had recently finished military service with the Black Watch in Korea and Kenya

WELCOME HOME TO A SOLDIER

OVER 150 people were present when Mr. W. E. Tucker, the surgeon, gave a cocktail party to celebrate the return of his son, William Tucker, from military service abroad. Among the guests were many friends from overseas



In conversation during the evening with the Bishop of Bermuda and his wife, Mrs. J. A. Jagoe, was Mrs. I. Bassett



Among the many young people who had come to the party were Lord Gray, Miss Margaret Owens and the Master of Gray



Also present were the Hon. Mrs. F. J. Parsons and her daughter, Miss Sarah Parsons, who drank a champagne toast



Mr. Jonathan Stockland, of the Durham Light Infantry, and Miss Belinda Renwick had come to pay their respects

Desmond O'Neill





FASHION CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

Crisp, Cool, -Elegant

A little cape made of white cone, warm yet very light, makes a pretty and unpretentious wrap for a summer night. It is priced at 4½ gns.

THIS pretty blue and white printed piqué evening dress is designed by Horrockses. Crisp, cool and superbly elegant it makes a wonderful buy for summer dances and holiday evenings in the warm south. The white piqué trimming finishes in a deep vee at the back and there are yards and yards of material in the skirt. It costs 10½ gns. and can be bought at Bourne & Hollingsworth, in Oxford Street, who supplied all the merchandise shown with this dress

—MARIEL DEANS

Ropes of various shades of blue beads mixed with frosty white ones, dull-finished, long white jersey gloves and a plain, envelope bag of white crêpe edged with rhinestones are the accessories we have chosen. They cost 10s. 11d. and 11s. 9d. for the long ropes of beads, 35s. 9d. for the midnight blue choker. The gloves are 29s. 11d. and the handbag costs 55s. 9d.



DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

SINCE our arrival in this suburban paradise we have been persecuted by our privet hedge. Badge of respectability of the period to which the house belongs, it is presumably supposed to shroud the garden from curious eyes. By the time we got there, it shrouded us all even from birds and helicopters, like an exaggerated version of a set for the Sleeping Beauty. The men who got the garden straight, as they said, for us when we moved in, cut it back to a brown tangle which they insisted would come out all right in the spring. Ever since we have been fighting a losing battle with privet, which for sheer insidious obstinacy rivals sand, water or Fifth Columns.

TO begin with, spouse and helpmeet, to whose share the clipping fell by tacit consent (or fairly tacit, anyway), stated that hedges had their essential function in British social life. Hedge-clipping, he maintained, along with fruit-tree pruning, is one thing that entitles the inhabitant of an English town or suburb to speak to a complete stranger. Night after night conversations starting off with a cheerfully sadistic "Got yourself a nice little job there, haven't you?" ripened into the saloon bar of the local. It didn't help the hedge much, but it gave us, with phenomenal rapidity, a vast circle of acquaintances eager with advice on hedge culture.

BUT once we'd got to know everybody, my husband began to complain that the hedge was just a bind and a bore. He tried it high, so that he had to lean over to trim the top from a step-ladder. He tried it chopped



to waist-height so that it became not a defence but a booby trap. He tried fancy effects with cascades of terraced shelves. He tried it shoulder-high and straight, so that passers-by had to stand on tiptoe to see over. Finally, he despaired and handed the whole thing over to the visiting jobbing gardener. As the J. G. sometimes visits and more often doesn't, due to his social life, the hedge usually presented a shaggy bohemianism which, we frequently suspected, was a disgrace to the locality which goes in for neat rose bushes and velvet lawns. It was quite a joy when winter stopped even privet from growing, but springtime was marred by burgeoning shoots of ebullient hedge. The hedge cast a shadow, literal and metaphorical, over us, and the garden; it sucked goodness from the soil and light from

[Continued on page 82]



FOR SPECIAL EVENINGS. A beautiful wild mink cape-stole from the National Fur Company, with a three-quarter length cape sleeve effect finishing in deep cuffs. Slit pockets are concealed in the long stole ends

Four Light Warm Wraps

SOMETHING to pull round the shoulders—something light and easy to put on, something to give a quick enveloping warmth—all through an English summer one experiences these sudden yearnings. We show you here four ways of satisfying this need with wraps suitable for very different occasions, but all of them easy, light and very warm

—MARIEL DEANS



FOR THE BEACH. Harvey Nichols's striking circular wrap made of multi-coloured segments of terry towelling backed with waffle piqué and edged all round with a tassel fringe

CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

the lawn and became a mere snare for children's cricket and rounders balls and a place for Macdougall the cat to lurk secretly when we wanted him to come in.

So this summer we decided that the hedge must go. We did not come to this conclusion lightly or casually, but with much discussion, as befits a democratic community. That is, we shouted at one another about privacy and slavery for hours and hours, and asked everybody what they thought, and the entire neighbourhood agreed (a) that we'd never get it down, and (b) that the roots had crept right under the boundary wall and if we dragged them out we'd drag the wall out, too. But we got going eventually, first chopping off foliage with sécateurs and saws and in desper-



tion, at the end, with an axe. We did it as a mass operation, each attacking a different section and pausing only for a bright smile and a little backchat as passer-by after passer-by stopped to remark, "Scorched earth policy, I see," or "What you want is some gelignite," or "It'll be six feet high again in a couple of months." To none did we dare explain that we were going to take the thing out permanently, root and branch—the reckoning would have come in the end, of course, but it's silly to ask for trouble.

We had got seven-eighths of the hedge down to a row of short pea-sticks by the time another stranger came wearily along the pavement, stood transfixed at the sight of so much destruction and at last timidly remarked: "If you're doing any pruning, do you think you'd have some cuttings you could spare? I want to plant a hedge in my back garden."

"PRUNING?" we shrieked, "Cuttings?" And turning to one another with that instant comprehension which comes from years of marriage and hours of chopping down hedges, we chorused, "We're pulling the hedge up by the roots and you can have them if you like." Needless to say, the stranger instantly responded that we didn't have to do all that digging for him—if we'd only allow him, he'd be delighted to root the whole thing out and take it away, and what a pity we'd chopped off so much foliage already—if he'd only known. . . .

So today the passers-by stop and say what a difference—so much space. And some blocks away, the stranger slaves over a vast trench for his hedge, the grave, we have frankly explained to him, of all his future leisure. Nowadays we go on hoping that the privet roots sprout—in both of us lurks a faint feeling of terror that they won't, and that the stranger, infinitely justified, will return silently at dead of night and quietly replant a withered row at the end of the garden.

— Diana Gillon

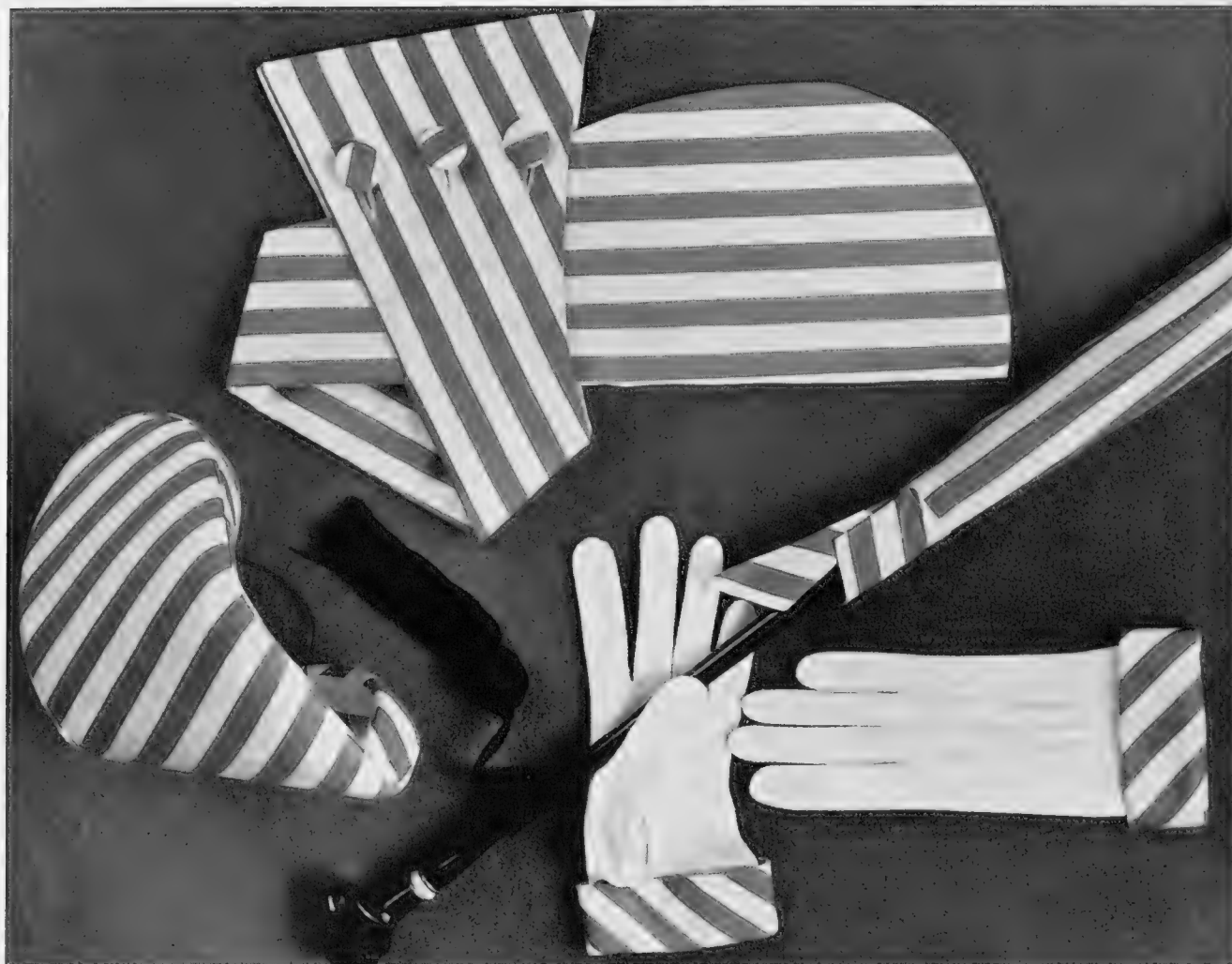


... Four Wraps

FOR THE BEDROOM on the opposite page. A fine Shetland wool dressing-gown worked in a shell pattern and lined throughout with pure silk chiffon. It has a circular worked yoke and ties with a ribbon sash. It comes from Fortnum & Mason

FOR EVERYDAY. Below, Jaeger's softly comfortable camel hair and wool wrap-coat can be bought in off-white or natural colour. Slip it on for instant warmth and well-being whenever the sun disappears





Sunny and sweet as a stick of sugar candy is this set of accessories in striped cotton. The same styles are available in a variety of other materials from Bourne & Hollingsworth's "La Petite Boutique." Hat, 59s. 11d., cravat, 27s. 6d., umbrella cover, 15s. 11d., gloves, 19s. 11d.

THESE things have been chosen for the happy, carefree mood, when you go out in the sunshine with "a smile and a song." They add their charm to the summer scene and to the holiday spirit, whether at home or abroad, and are highly decorative

Carefree Mood

— Jean Cleland



From Vienna comes this plastic weave beach basket, at 24s. 6d. The Italian towelling stole also costs 24s. 6d., beach shoes in plaited straw, with rubber-edged rope sole, 21s. 9d. From Woollands



Ideal for strolling along the *plage* of the smartest seaside resort, or relaxing on the golden sands, is this large and distinctive Italian straw hat, with its crown of colourful straw flowers, price 39s. 6d. To add the final touch of casual elegance is the matching straw bag trimmed with straw flowers, 58s. 6d. From Woollands

News Notebook

IN TOWN TODAY

THE best part about picnics," a man once remarked to me, "is getting home again." Those who like their comforts would probably agree, but even they may be changing their minds this season when so many excellent devices are being thought up to add pleasure and ease to this particular form of outdoor pastime.

One thing I was specially taken with is the new Bak-eeze chair. Made of webbing and slats, it rolls into a small parcel, about the size of a rolled daily paper, and is extremely light to carry. It costs only 23s. 6d., and for those who do not find sitting cross-legged on the grass the most comfortable way of eating a meal, it should prove invaluable. This can be obtained from Lillywhites.

★ ★ ★

ALSO from Lillywhites come two other things which I found intriguing. One, as natty a picnic outfit as I have seen, is in the shape of a two-person sling picnic bag in coach hide leather, containing 1 Thermos vacuum flask, 1 sandwich box, 1 sugar jar, 1 milk bottle and a couple of cups. This all does up with a zip fastening, costs £3 18s. 6d., and is the perfect answer for "tea for two."

The other is a coolie beach hat in black or white straw, which *unbuttons at the back*, so that it lies flat for easy packing. Unless you are taking a lot of luggage that includes a separate hat box, this is a boon and a blessing, since it solves the knotty problem of trying to get a hat into a suitcase without crushing it. Price 69s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

VARIATIONS on the theme of costume jewellery are getting more imaginative from day to day. The latest thing, which has greatly taken my fancy, is a three-strand pearl necklace. But this is a necklace with a difference, since it comes in pastel shades, and is variegated by each strand being darker than the next, i.e. pale pink through to rose. The effect is really charming, and is modestly priced at 39s. 11d., from Bourne & Hollingsworth.

★ ★ ★

IN the same shop I found something else quite new, which should greatly help to brighten up the daily chores. Called "Nenette," this is a dust-absorbing polisher. It looks rather like a small hand-broom, and if what I am told is true, it cleans and polishes in a few minutes. Excellent for cars as well as furniture, it costs 13s. 9d.

★ ★ ★

FOR gaying up the kitchen, there are some other new brushes with nylon bristles. These can be had with cream or white coloured handles, and red, blue, green or yellow bristles. The great advantage of these brushes is that they can be so easily washed. The bristles are very soft but as hard-wearing as any other. Young people starting a new home will delight in them, as the colours can be chosen to tone with the colour scheme of the kitchen. Hand broom, 11s. 3d., English long broom, 19s. 6d., Continental, 22s. 6d. They come from Bourne & Hollingsworth.

—J. C.

There are serviceable necklaces in profusion. Far rarer is the one that achieves distinction. Here, I think, is an inspired example, particularly for wear with summer evening frocks. Its blend of white and gold gives just the right finishing touch for a triumphant effect. Price 79s. 6d. From Harvey Nichols

Dennis Smith



Jean Cleland
writes —

A Fanfare For Youth

THIS week I salute the young. Having been for a fortnight in a hospital full of young nurses, I have had plenty of opportunity for observing them, and am full of admiration for these young girls who, whether in the evening, at the end of a gruelling day, or in the morning after a tiring night, looked bright, fresh and most gallantly gay

IN spite of their strenuous work, all took a pride in their appearance, and even those who were not strictly beautiful looked well-groomed and immensely attractive. All around one saw shining curly hair—due in some cases, no doubt, to “home” or professional perms—complexions that, with a touch of foundation cream and a dust of powder, remained cool and smooth, no matter how hot the day, and mouths soft and pretty with a delicate shade of lipstick. In no case was the make-up overdone or blatant, but just sufficient to look pleasant and refreshing to the patients and give morale—which in the stress of nursing must be badly needed—to the girls themselves.

It is, I think, a tremendously good sign of our times that young things, instead of being frowned upon for using a few simple aids to make the most of their looks, are encouraged to do so. In whatever jobs they may be engaged in, this, far from detract-

ing from their efficiency, helps to increase it. More especially is this true in hospitals, where the sight of a bright and charming face is a refreshing help towards recovery.

WHEN, for a whole fortnight, one is lying still and doing practically nothing, there is time to learn quite a lot, and one thing that impressed me enormously is the variety of interests which the young people of today seem to enjoy. A girl in the therapy department told me that in her “off” time she is taking lessons in flying—she also belongs to a gliding club. Another announced with some excitement that on her next free weekend she was going with a party to do some deep-sea diving, which is her great hobby and for which she wears the correct “frogman’s outfit.”

Others on their “off” nights were going to concerts at the Festival Hall and others to the ballet. Nearly all were keen on swimming and outdoor

sports of all kinds, which, in the summer days, seem to take precedence over such indoor pastimes as visits to the cinema. This no doubt helps to keep them fit and gives them the look of health which is so attractive.

DURING odd moments of chat I learned, too, of various beauty problems, common I imagine to most young girls. First and foremost the question of foundation cream. “Which,” I was asked several times, “did I consider to be the best.” The general opinion seemed to be that there must be some outstanding cream which would be excellent for one and all. This, let me say very firmly, is *not* the case. There are *quite a number* of excellent foundation creams, all equally good and equally effective.

The question is *not* which is the best but which is the best for *you* and your particular type of skin. Because a certain well-known make looks lovely and proves ideal for Mary, is no criterion whatever that it would be the right thing for Anne. I really do want to stress the importance of choosing not what your friends are raving about but what is going to be good for you. To do this, you *must* consider your own type of skin. If it is oily, then one of the liquid foundations will probably suit you very well. If, on the other hand, it is dry, then liquid foundations may quite likely tend to make it dryer, and you will do much better with one of the creamy makes that give a “taggy” non-drying surface to the skin.

ANOTHER thing of which I do not approve is the habit young girls have of flitting from one make of preparation to another and trying out anything as long as it is something new. There is, speaking generally, no continuity in the things they buy. Happily they will tell you that they use so-and-so’s skin food, someone else’s powder, another make of foundation cream and the odd lotion from here and there. Now this is all wrong. If the preparations you are using do not seem to suit you, make a change by all means, but when you do this, be guided by your type of skin. If you aren’t certain, then go to one of the good salons, where experts will advise you free of charge.

Having found the preparations that *do* suit you, then for goodness’ sake, stick to them. “To sip each flower and change every hour” is no good to the skin. It—like the inside—thrives much better on the kind of regular diet to which it gets used. Also take heed of this: it is much better to use a whole range of preparations of *one* make, rather than one by so-and-so and another by someone else. In using odd ones, you may quite likely find that one thing conflicts with another, whereas if all are designed by the same firm, the ingredients balance and fit in one with the other.

SPACE prevents me going into the question of what to use more fully now, but next week, in response to many requests, I propose to suggest some ranges of preparations suitable for different types of skin and give a daily routine to go with them.



Guerlain has created these lovely cosmetics to flatter the looks. The smart-looking lipstick, price 15s. 7d., is a new idea by which the refill, 7s. 6d., can be easily inserted without staining the fingers. Powder in white-and-gold box, 18s., cleansing oil, 12s. 9d., obtainable from Harrods

ENGAGEMENTS



Yevonde

Miss Jennifer Margaret Wainwright, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. G. Wainwright, of Chipstead, Surrey, is to marry Lt. Julian Rycroft, R.N., elder son of the late Col. D. H. Rycroft, O.B.E., and of Mrs. R. Durrant, of Rotorua, New Zealand



rayer

Miss Anne Maureen Dillon, daughter of the late Capt. G. C. Dillon, R.N., and of Mrs. Dillon, of Egerton Gardens, S.W.5, is engaged to Mr. Barrie W. A. Ricketson, son of Mr. Ashley Ricketson, of Melbourne, and of Mrs. de Winter, of Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, N.W.8



Lenare

Miss Isie-Suzetli Esselen, daughter of Mrs. A. C. K. Esselen, of Pretoria, S. Africa, and the late Mr. Louis Esselen, has announced her engagement to Mr. Patrick Child Tattersall, second son of Mr. Harold Tattersall, of Sussex, and the late Mrs. K. S. Tattersall



REID KAY—FINLAY

The wedding took place at St. Ninian's Church, Troon, Ayrshire, of Mr. Alan Drummond Reid Kay, son of Sir James and Lady Reid Kay, of Blair Lodge, Ayr, and Miss Rosemary Vera Strathern Finlay, daughter of Mrs. J. Vera Finlay, of Scotswood, Troon, and granddaughter of the late Sir Frederick and Lady Henderson, of Crossbie Lodge House, Monkton, Ayrshire

THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



KNIGHT—BUXTON KNIGHT

Mr. John Drysdale Knight, of Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Knight, of Durrington, Sussex, married Miss Wendy Evadne Buxton Knight, daughter of the late Mr. O. Buxton Knight, of Cairo, and Mrs. Buxton Knight, of Selsey Bill, Sussex, at St. Peter's, Selsey



TATHAM—BOOSEY

At St. Mary's Church, Ide Hill, Kent, Mr. Philip A. C. Tatham, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph P. Tatham, of Turner Close, London, N.W.11, was married to Miss Julia H. Boosey, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evelyn Boosey, of Scords Farm House, Tays Hill, Westerham, Kent



DOYNE—BROWNE

The wedding took place recently of Mr. Charles Harding Doyne, of Wells, Gorey, Co. Wexford, Eire, and Miss Marjorie Browne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Browne, of Rosslyn, Bray, Co. Wicklow, at Christ Church, Bray



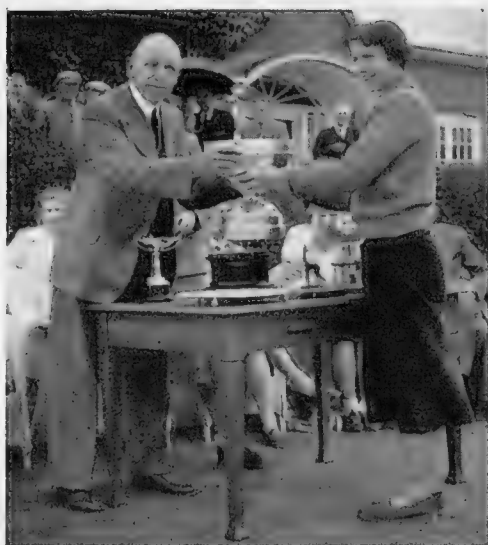
DRAKE—DAVIES

W/Cdr. William Drake, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Mrs. Gerda Drake, married Miss Diana Davies, daughter of Air/Cdre. E. D. H. Davies, C.B.E., R.A.F. (retd.) and Mrs. W. N. Dutton, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

Sports-car Called "Doretti"



The president of the Ganton Golf Club, Sir William Wordsworth, presenting the cup to Miss Frances Stephens, who won by four and three



Three Scots competitors waiting for the call to tee up were Miss Jean Donald, Mrs. Singleton and Lady McInnes Shaw

AT GANTON, Scarborough, was held the Ladies' Open Golf Championship. In spite of stormy weather, there were some very close and exciting contests, notably between the holder, Miss M. Stewart, and Miss F. Stephens, the new champion



Mrs. Stewart, from Canada (right), came with her daughters Dolly (left) and Marlene, who won the championship last year

NEW models are already bearing down upon us like Hyde Park traffic when the lights go green. And there is still much that ought to be said about Le Mans, for it takes a long time to sort out all the accounts and to find the facts about the unpublished achievements behind the scenes and over the pit counters. The Bristol victory in the two-litre class is in itself a bookful of stirring events and it was only a fortnight ago that I heard the full story from the head of the car division. The pit work, as recorded by the watches, was remarkable and one car spent a total of less than fifteen minutes at the pits in the whole race. No tyres were changed and when a brake specialist examined the brake shoes after the race he pronounced them fit for another twenty-four hours racing!

BUT I must positively leave Le Mans and turn to two new models, the first being the Doretti. This car was shown to the press at Silverstone where representatives were allowed to drive it round the short circuit. Externally the Doretti is particularly successful, having the flattish shape now in fashion. The cockpit is comfortable and well laid out and—for this type of car—protection is good. The car is derived from the Triumph but the important novelty is the tubular chassis, with a slightly wider track at the front than at the rear and with slightly larger brake drums in front than behind.

The price is a little over £1,100, with purchase tax included. Overdrive is available for a small additional payment. Mr. Eric Sanders, who is head of the Swallow company, the producers of the Doretti, explained to me that initially the car had been for export only, but increased production had enabled his company to place it on the home market. The name, Sanders said, comes from the name of the daughter of the man who sponsored the car in the United States—thus following the Mercedes precedent.

The introductory party at Silverstone was highly successful, with numerous press representatives giving colourable imitations of racing drivers, a treatment which the Doretti seemed to enjoy. It is pure chance that I should be dealing with the Doretti immediately after mentioning the Bristol success at Le Mans; but the Doretti designer is, in fact, a former Bristol man. I predict a bright future for this new car.

THE other new model, which I ought to have mentioned some time ago, is the Humber Hawk Mark VI. This has an overhead valve engine and there is provision for an overdrive. The price, purchase tax included, is £985 14s. 2d. The overdrive is extra. There is improved braking and light clutch control.

The engine, which is a four-cylinder, delivers seventy brake horsepower and a top

speed of over eighty miles an hour is claimed. I shall hope to do a complete test with this car in the near future and I will then report upon it more fully.

SOME people are puzzled by the Continental priority rule and I welcome a pamphlet produced by Dudley Noble of "Milestones" which explains the whole thing and gives diagrams. I have personally always favoured a priority rule and I think our own traffic would move more expeditiously if we had one. It might also help to kill that extremely bad habit of British drivers of lane-swapping. In this country every driver seems to think it right and proper to switch from one lane to another—not according to the direction he is proposing to take, but according to the advantage he thinks it will give him.

Thus, on coming up to traffic lights there is always in London and other large cities in England a frantic weaving as every driver tries to get into the lane which will be most advantageous when the traffic moves forward again. That kind of thing ought to be stamped on heavily. A priority rule helps to discourage it because there is then always the need for special caution when turning in one direction.

Once I proposed that we should take our traffic rules from the rule of the road at sea. At sea there is priority, as is emphasized by the port and starboard lights. If cars had port and starboard lights there could be no doubt about who had right of way. "Green to green and red to red perfect safety, go ahead . . ." and the rest of the jingle answers problems which the Highway Code flounders about with and fails to clarify.

As the time passes one awaits that new Highway Code with mounting anxiety. Will it abolish the confusing and unnecessary duplication of signals? At present the official view is that hand signals should be given as well as mechanical. Police drivers are taught to give both. Yet a moment's thought shows that the duplication does not emphasize; it muddles. Mechanical signals on modern motor cars are trustworthy and hand signals should be relegated to those vehicles which have no mechanical signalling devices.

Then again, when hand signals are given, the silly sequence now required to indicate that you are drawing in to the kerb and stopping, should be abolished. In fact, many experienced drivers now give simply the "you can pass me" signal; but this is unofficial and I believe that those who go for their driving licence test can be failed for giving the one signal. They are supposed—believe it or not—to give first of all the slowing down signal, then the stop signal and then you may pass me signal. Let us hope the new Highway Code will eliminate such foolery.



Ford sets the fashion



"Even lovelier than my Zephyr—
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contrasting colour scheme and
all the right accessories."



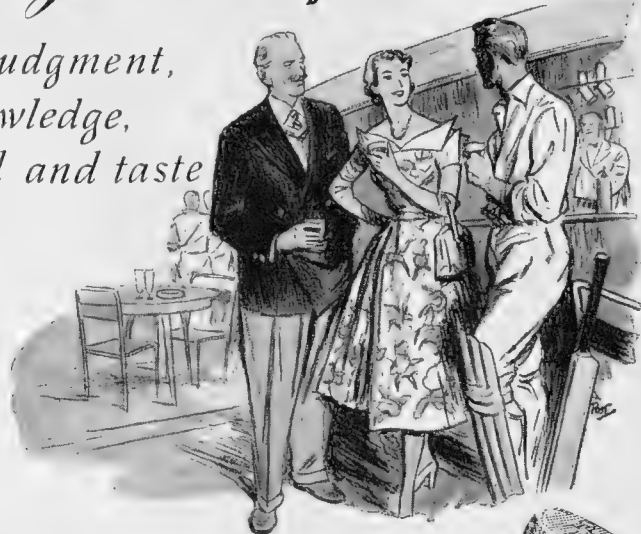
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Zephyr
ZODIAC

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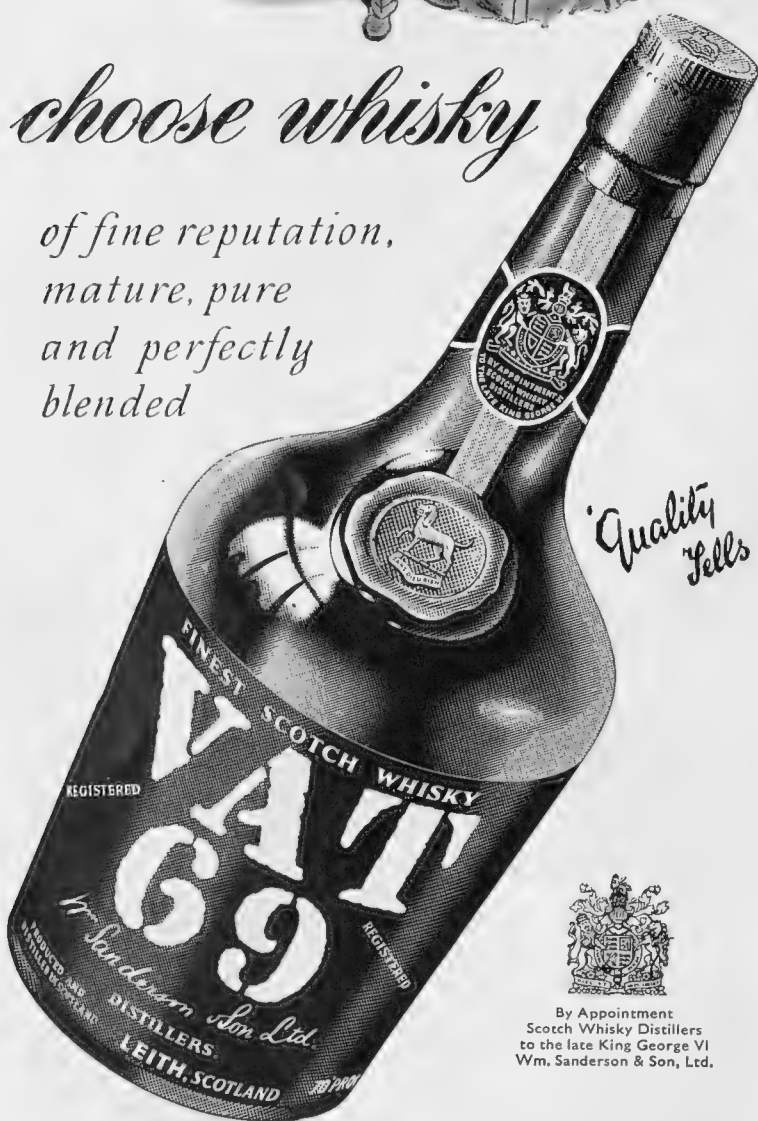
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Book Reviews [Continuing from page 76]

AN ENGLISH GIRL ON THE RIVIERA



A WREATH FOR THE ENEMY, by Pamela Frankau (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.), has a most engaging beginning in the South of France, whose sunshine and colour radiate from the opening pages. Penelope, a vehement little girl with an awe-inspiring vocabulary, is the daughter of an English ex-airman and poet, Francis—who has become a somewhat capricious hotel-keeper. Only amusing guests are allowed: indeed, when our story opens, sole inmate is a splendid, eccentric, scandalous duchess—half Italian and half American. Penelope, in fact, enjoys an exotic and wonderfully free existence, such as many another girl might envy; ironically, her prevailing wish is to be ordinary. (As, indeed, with the children of eccentric parents, is often the case.)

Penelope's daydreams turn from the Côte d'Azur to the sedate Cotswolds, where sometimes she spends holidays with an aunt. Her romantic longings, therefore, centre themselves round an English family who have taken the villa next door; the Bradleys. This quartet, the father and mother, the girl and boy—fair-haired, athletic and conventional—typify all that the child desires, represent all she would wish to be. Then comes a clash (the Bradleys are beastly about the duchess), followed, of course, by a disillusionment.

THIS first portion of *A Wreath For The Enemy* could well have made a book in itself; and is, I think, much more attractive than the lengthier parts which have been added. One must not quarrel with an author's design; and Miss Frankau's design in this case has been ambitious—in fact, so much so that I should hesitate to say what it is. Nor, for that matter, am I clear as to the meaning of her title. After the close of the Mediterranean episode, things speed up and characters multiply, and the narration is taken over by young Don Bradley—formerly, it was Penelope who spoke, and as the speaker one misses her.

Don, now about eighteen, seems less inspired. Conflict with his parents has broken out; for, just as they once interdicted the duchess, they are now seeking to interfere with his friendship with an older and brilliant man—a cripple, known to his friends as Crusoe. Crusoe has a brother, Livesey, who by chance enters and plays a part in Penelope's young-girl life; and he also, fatally, has a wife—a neurotic whom Crusoe had also loved. . . . Certainly this is a story with a meaning; and even such readers as chance to miss that meaning cannot but enjoy much that occurs.

★ ★ ★

MURDER AT MIDEARS, by Marion Mainwaring (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), is a crimeful annal of American college life—the establishment being one for girls founded by three formidable New England sisters. Passions run high in the Department of English, and Gabriel Mersey's sinister end might, it appears, have been brought about by almost any one of his colleagues. Violence claims yet another victim—meanwhile the young ladies of Collins College fairly revel in drama; as what young ladies would not? This is a well-told story with pleasing characters (most convincing as academic types). The solution, however, seemed to me somewhat far-fetched.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I BELIEVE that Peter Sellers has the capacity to make an international name for himself as a recording artist, but I do not believe he will achieve this until he makes up his mind that the approach to comedy *vis-à-vis* the gramophone can never be indecisive.

He presents "Dipso-Calyпсо," and a frankly futile song "Never Never Land," with more than ordinary insight. Both are treated in the spirit of burlesque, and Mr. Sellers has quite rightly dealt with "Never Never Land" in the only intelligent way, but even so some of his own particular subtleties are lost because he never quite decides how far he can go.

His "Dipso-Calyпсо" is so nearly brilliant that it is a pity he did not work on it a little longer before allowing it to become available to the gramophone public. Had he done this I believe his "Dipso" would have put paid to almost any "Calyпсо"!

Perhaps his trouble is that he is too talented and too versatile. The pastiche can be highly acceptable on stage, radio or screen, but, with one or two rare exceptions, it has never rung the right commercial bell on records. (H.M.V. B.10724.)

Robert Tredinnick

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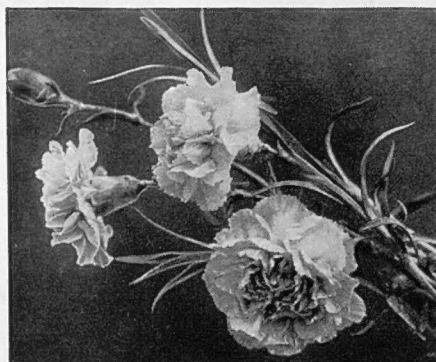
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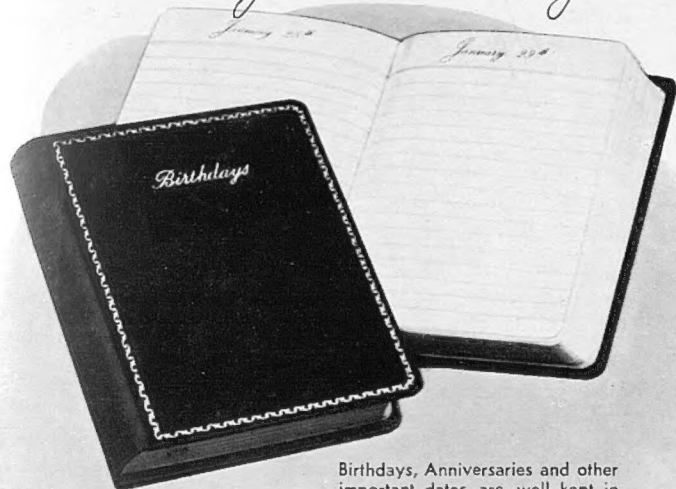
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